Methodist Magazine and Review.

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# The Cathedral of Christ's Church—Canterbury.

## CANTERBURY AND ITS MEMORIES.*

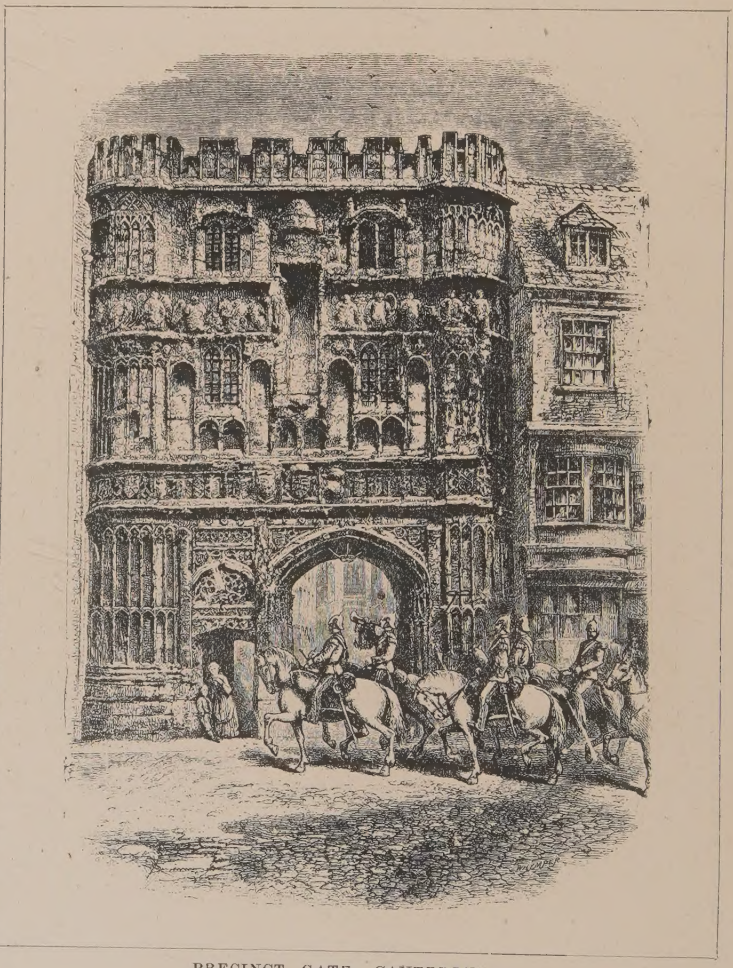
BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

WHEN, in the early part of the year 597, St. Augustine with his band of forty monks reached the British shores, commissioned by Pope Gregory I. to rekindle in Britain the light of the Gospel, which had been almost entirely extinguished by the Angles and Saxons, Canterbury was the royal residence of Ethelbert, a monarch of power and ability, who reigned in Kent. Thither the missionaries wended their way, and solicited an interview with the king. Ethelbert received the strangers kindly; he assured them of his protection, promised to supply their wants, and gave them liberty to preach to his subjects. And subsequently the king gave Augustine a palace at Canterbury, with permission to build a church, and he gave him lands for the maintenance of its ministers. Close to the palace was an old church erected in the time of the Romans but since desecrated. This Augustine restored and enlarged, and on its site the venerable cathedral of Canterbury now stands. The present edifice, although very ancient in parts, is of a date long subsequent to the age of Augustine;

* Adapted from the *Catholic World*.

it was rebuilt by Lanfranc in the eleventh century. During the following centuries, up to our own day, Canterbury has continued to be the archiepiscopal seat of the Primate of all England.

meets, in its immediate vicinity, one of the memorials: a clear spring which is still believed by the country folks to possess healing virtues. It is yet known by the name of the Black Prince's Well, from an old



PRECINCT GATE, CANTERBURY.

With this ancient city many of the greatest names and many critical events of English history have been in some way connected; of that history it still retains unique memorials, and even of what it has lost the traces have not wholly faded away. The traveller who approaches the city from the west

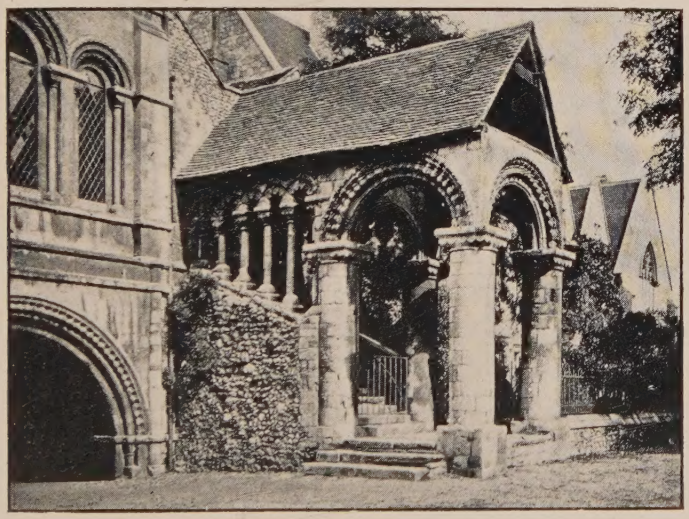
tradition that the hero of Crecy and Poitiers drank of its waters when he visited Canterbury in 1357. Only three days after his return from France he went, accompanied by his royal prisoner, King John, to give thanks for his victories at St. Thomas' shrine; afterwards he founded and decorated the beautiful

chantry in the cathedral crypt which bears his name. Legend says that when he lay dying of the wasting disease which carried him off in the flower of his age, he thought of the wonder-working spring near Canterbury, and sent for a draught of its pure water. But that did not save him, and soon after he was borne to the tomb he had chosen for himself in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, his favourite shrine, which he enriched with splendid gifts. However, the people would not allow their hero to be buried out of sight in the dark crypt; so they brought him to rest by the great saint's shrine, where all men could see his effigy of gilded bronze as he lay there, his sword by his side, his hands clasped in prayer, and at his feet the pathetic lines bidding the passing stranger pray for his soul:

> Pur Dieu priez au célestien Roy,
> Que mercy ait de l'âme de moy.

His was the first tomb raised in the precincts of the martyr's shrine, and it remains there to this day, unhurt by the hand of time or the more cruel violence of man. Over it still hang the surcoat, gloves, shield, and scabbard of the prince, those probably which were carried before his remains in his funeral procession.

From Harbledown, where the spring rises, the first, perhaps the best, view of the cathedral is obtained. Deep was the impression made upon the pilgrim bands when they caught sight of its lofty towers, when they saw the glittering angel that in bygone days stood on the central tower. Erasmus, the cold and critical scholar, becomes eloquent as he describes the architectural beauty of the great church rearing itself up into the sky with a majesty that strikes awe into every heart, and evokes a cry of admiration from the lips of all. Behind it lies a background of fertile hills, clothed in autumn with the dark green of numerous hop-gardens; before it stand the massive round towers of the Westgate, the only one remaining of the seven fortified gateways which once guarded



THE OLD NORMAN PORCH.

the ancient city. Through this, which is considered the finest city gate yet existing in England, we pass into the principal street. Many are the pilgrims who in olden times entered Canterbury by this gate; kings and queens, foreign emperors and princes, armed knights and learned scholars; newly-created archbishops followed by a brilliant train of bishops, clergy, and courtiers, on their way to be enthroned in the chair of St. Augustine; not to speak of the multitudes of simpler folk who flocked to worship at Thomas a Becket's shrine. The poet Chaucer sings of the merry cavalcade that rode "forth in the freshness of the morning from famous London town; knight and merchant, scholar and lawyer, Prioress and Wife of Bath, yeoman, priest, and friar, a motley company from all parts of the realm, to "wenden on their pilgrimage with full devout courage."

Since those mediæval days Canterbury has seen many a change. The sight-seer has taken the place of the pious pilgrim; the number of churches has been reduced, and their magnificence no longer strikes the eye of the stranger. The lofty walls and watch-towers which encircled the city when Chaucer's knight, after paying his devotions at the martyr's shrine, went out to inspect their strength and "pointed to his son both the peril and the doubt," are all gone, and the Conqueror's mighty castle is turned into a coal-pit. Yet the old city is full of quaint bits and picturesque corners, timbered houses with carved corbels and oriel windows, hostelries with overhanging eaves

A BIT OF NATURE'S ARCHITECTURE.

VIEW IN THE NAVE.

and fantastic signboards of wrought-iron work, hospitals whose charters date from Norman times, and whose records afford many a curious glimpse of the byways of mediæval life.

As we draw near to St. Thomas a Becket's shrine memories of the murdered archbishop crowd upon the mind. A little way up the main street we reach a bridge over the river Stour, which

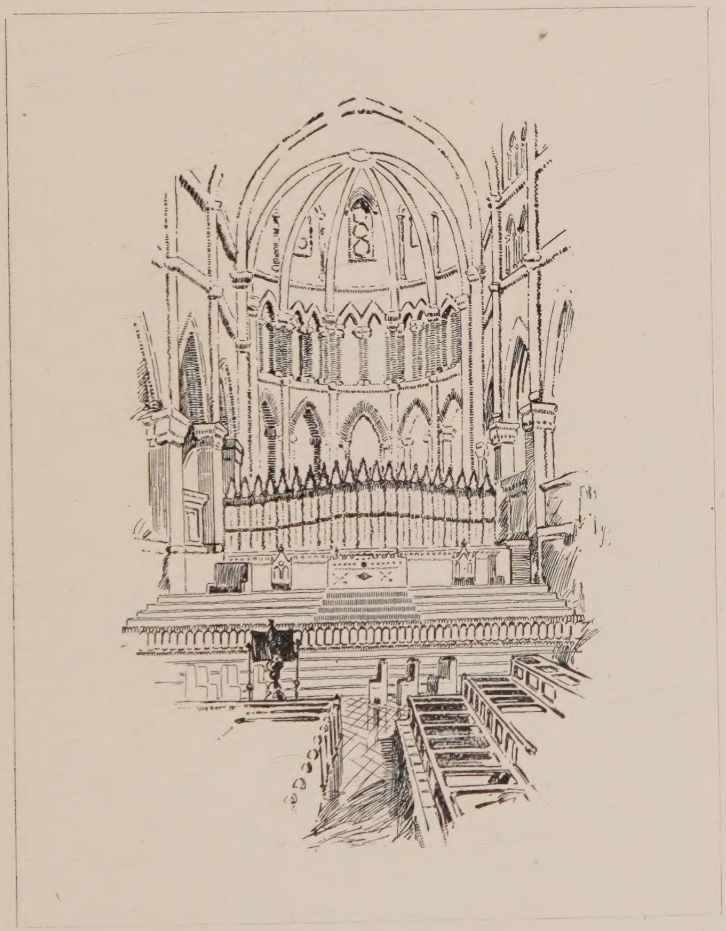
winds its way through the heart of the city, the houses rising up straight from its slowly flowing waters, where a low-pointed doorway on the right leads into St. Thomas' hospital, founded, as a fourteenth century charter records, by him to receive poor wayfaring men. Ten poor brothers and sisters still enjoy the fruit of the saint's benevolence, and dwell in the old house built on arches across the bed of the river. The low level of the floor, which has sunk far below that of the street; the vaulted roof and time-worn pillars bear witness to its great antiquity. During the days when the enthusiasm for St. Thomas was at its height alms and legacies were showered upon this hospice, where beds for poor pilgrims were provided.

The most renowned of the hostelries was the "Chequers of the Hope," where Chaucer's pilgrims took up their quarters. This ancient inn was destroyed by fire in 1865. It stood at the corner of Mercery Lane, still one of the most picturesque streets in Canterbury. It offends all modern laws of street architecture; it is narrow, crooked, dark, and the houses in the upper story project almost to the proverbial proximity at which they were constructed in days of yore, when we are told it was possible to shake hands from the upper windows across the street. Happily the spirit of municipal improvement has not yet touched the time-honoured walls. This lane, which leads to the cathedral, was formerly lined with booths and stalls for the sale of pilgrimage souvenirs, such as are still found in the neighbourhood of all famous shrines on the Continent of Europe. Brooches, bearing the effigy of the saint's mitred head were eagerly purchased; also *ampullae,* small leaden bottles, containing water from a sacred spring in the precincts, which welled up on the spot where the martyr's blood fell.

The precincts of the cathedral are entered through Christ Church gateway, a splendid specimen of perpendicular architecture. The front is sadly worn and defaced by the hand of time, yet it is more beautiful in its decay than the newest "restoration." Passing through this gateway, the visitor stands in imposing effect of the cathedral. Erasmus, familiar as he was with the magnificence of Continental churches, was struck with the imposing effect of the cathedral. when seen for the first time. He beheld it in its full glory, before its spoliation in the sixteenth century; he saw the stone canopies and sculptured images of the portal all perfect, the traceries and mouldings of the windows, the glorious towers in their pristine beauty and elegance; "Bell Harry Steeple," as the central tower is called to-day, formerly the "Angel Steeple," is 235 feet in height, unmatched in strength and beauty. The nave is the earliest part. There stood the Saxon church of Augustine and Anselm, and probably its Roman predecessor. The present walls are in part the actual walls of the Norman church erected in the days of William the Conqueror.

Chapels and chantries in the Pre-Reformation days lined the vast and lofty nave; altars glittered with lighted tapers and gold and silver ornaments; roof and walls were bright with painting and gilding or decked with silken tapestry and carved images covered with jewels; stained windows, bright with colours unequalled in modern times, casting hues of ruby and sapphire across the floor, all this and much more met the admiring view of the mediæval pilgrim; not to mention the shrine of St. Thomas, embossed with gems, glittering with countless jewels that flashed and sparkled in

the light. Those priceless gems were soon to be confiscated by the royal emissaries, the glorious shrine to be destroyed, and only the broken pavement and the marks of the pilgrims' feet in the stone floor left to show to future generations the spot hallowed by the worship of ages.



THE CHOIR.

Now the spacious nave* and aisles are bare, save for some monuments affixed to the walls, memorials of statesmen and soldiers of more recent times, who have given their lives for the spread of an empire on which, it is proudly boasted, the sun never sets. The great west window alone, as the day departs, throws a ray of coloured light across the floor, for it is filled with fragments of ancient glass. A lofty flight of steps leads up to the choir, which is shut off from the nave by a stone screen of elaborate Gothic work. Around and behind the choir are chantries and chapels in which are numerous tombs where repose the remains of archbishops,

* The nave is 187 feet in length and 79 in height. The total length of the cathedral interior is 516 feet.

who ruled the Church of England and maintained her rights inviolate. At the extreme end of the church is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, the last archbishop who acknowledged the supremacy and jurisdiction of the Pope over the Church in his native country. Near it is the marble chair known as St. Augustine's Chair, in which from time immemorial the archbishops have been and still are enthroned.

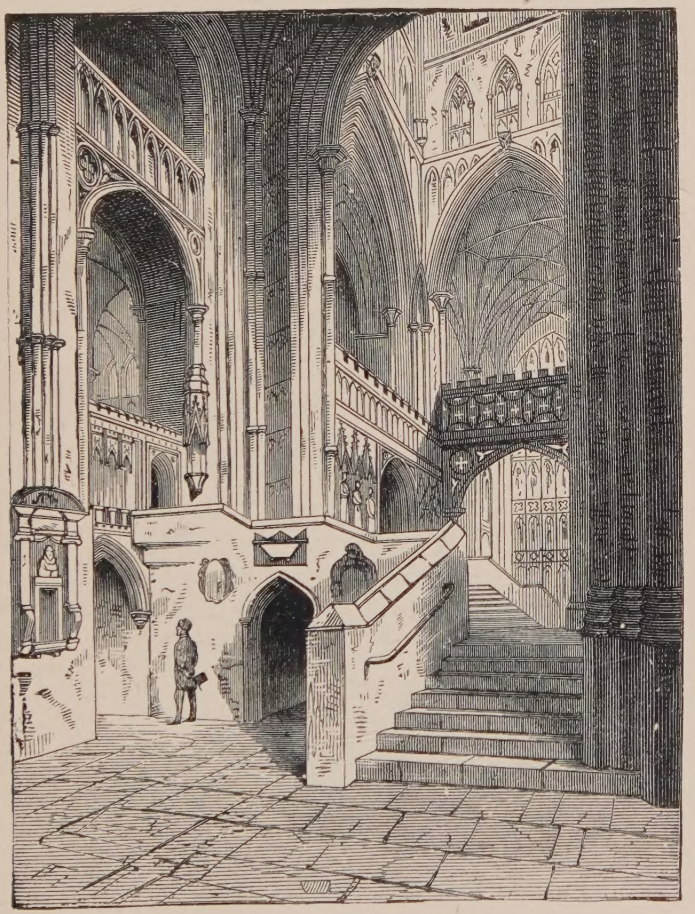
In the Trinity Chapel there is not a stone that is not historic. The tomb of the Black Prince is there; that of Hubert Walter, the faithful archbishop and chancellor who raised the ransom of Richard I.; of Archbishop Courtenay, who tried Wycliffe; and of Coligny, Cardinal of Chatillon. It was the shrine of St. Thomas, however, which gave the chapel its interest in old days, and gave it its name too, as it covers the site of the earlier Trinity Chapel in the crypt of which his remains for a time reposed. He had a special devotion to the Holy Trinity, and he it was who introduced into England the festival of Trinity Sunday. Before speaking of the gorgeous shrine to which his body was translated in 1220, fifty years after his death, we will recall the incidents attending his martyrdom.

For a number of years preceding Becket's election to the archbishopric there had been serious friction between his predecessor and King Henry II., who persisted in assuming authority over the Church. On the death of this prelate Henry was desirous that Thomas, who while holding the office of chancellor had been a complaisant courtier, should be the next archbishop. He carried his point; but to his vexation, on assuming his new office as Primate, Thomas applied all the force of his vigorous will to assert his spiritual authority. Consequently he came into constant collision with the king, and at length the dissensions reached such a pitch that Becket was impeached for high treason, and being declared guilty, was forced to fly to France for safety, and appeal to the Holy See for support.

After seven years of conflict Pope Alexander III. threatened to lay the kingdom under an interdict, and a reconciliation was effected. Becket was allowed to return to Canterbury; "I am going to England to die," were the last words he said when bidding the Bishop of Paris farewell. And on his arrival, towards the close of 1170, in Canterbury, where he was received with every demonstration of joy, the first discourse he delivered was on the words: "We have not here a lasting city but we seek one that is to come." He was not deceived in his anticipation; three of the bishops whom the Pope had suspended for disobedience, finding their censure was not removed, crossed over to Normandy, where the king then was, to lay their grievances before him. Henry, whose temper was fiery in the extreme, irritated by their representations, exclaimed in his wrath: "Of all the cowards who eat my bread will no one rid me of this insolent priest?"

Four knights heard this outburst, and emboldened by it, on Christmas Eve crossed the sea and shortly after made their way to the archbishop's palace. After a stormy parley with him in his chamber, they withdrew to arm, and Becket was persuaded by his clerks to take sanctuary in the cathedral. As he reached the steps leading from the transept to the choir his pursuers burst in, shouting, from the cloisters. "Where," cried one of them named Fitzurse, in the dusk of the dimly-lighted minster—"where is the traitor, Thomas a Becket?" The primate turned resolutely back. "Here am I, no traitor but a priest of God," he replied, and descending the steps he placed himself with his back against a pillar and confronted his foes. The four knights tried to

drag him out of the cathedral, but he shook them off. "In defence of the Church I am willing to die," he said. "Strike, strike!" Fitzurse cried, and blow after blow felled the prelate to the ground. "Into Thy hand, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he ejaculated. Then one of the knights dealt him a blow so violent that his head was cleft in two, and the assailant's sword fell broken upon the marble pavement. "Let us be off," he said; "the man will never rise up again."

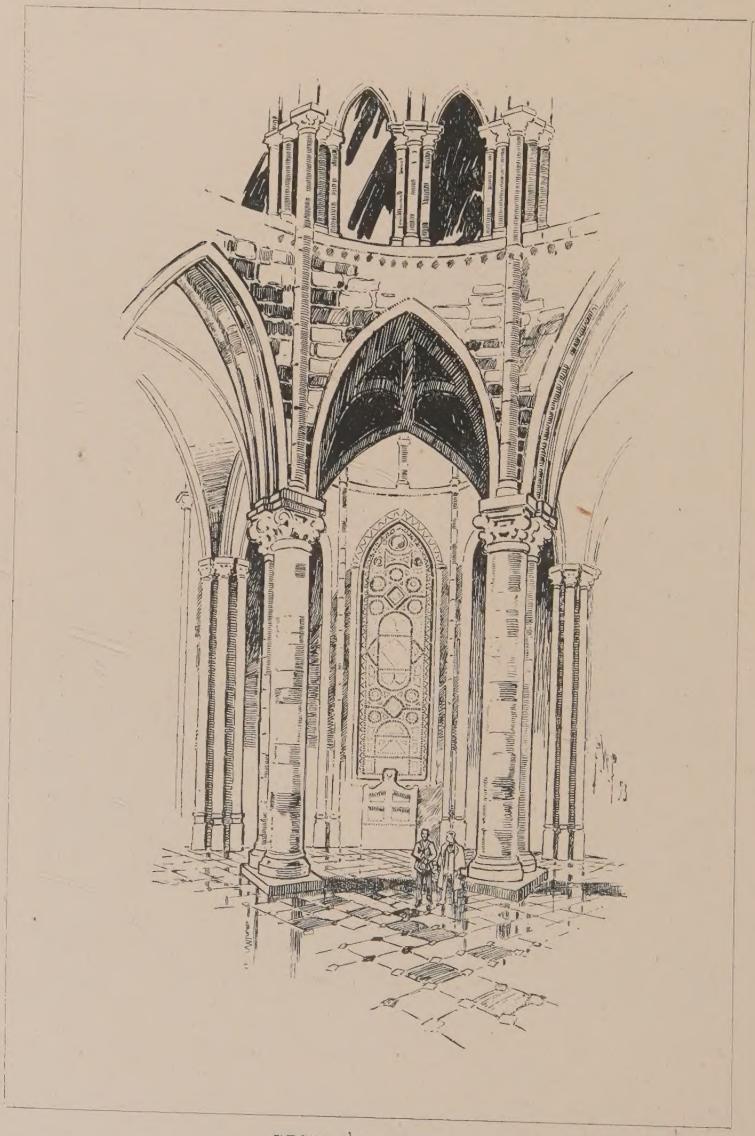


SCENE OF BECKET'S MURDER.

The brutal murder sent a thrill of horror through Christendom. The king, when he heard what had occurred at Canterbury, was filled with remorse for his hasty words, which had suggested though not authorized the deed. For forty days he did penance, fasting on bread and water; and on his return to England, three years later, he entered Canterbury barefoot, in the guise of a pilgrim, and suffered himself to be scourged by the monks on the scene of the martyrdom.

Becket's remains were placed by the monks in a marble sarcophagus

in the crypt, and the desecrated cathedral was for a whole year placed under a ban. The murder took place on the 29th of December, the popular enthusiasm, kindled by the tragic circumstances of the archbishop's death, rose to the highest pitch. Numberless and



BECKET'S CROWN.

1170; three years afterward Becket was canonized by Pope Alexander III., and the day of his martyrdom was set apart as the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Meanwhile striking miracles were reported to have been wrought at his tomb; and before long there was a rush of pilgrims from all parts to Canterbury.

After fifty years the remains of the saint were removed from his tomb in the crypt to the new shrine prepared for him at the eastern end of the cathedral. For centuries that shrine was the most venerated in England; the offerings made at it were of immense value, and it is described as being of unrivalled magnificence, costliness, and beauty. It was covered with plates of pure gold set with large and beautifully sculptured gems of fabulous value. It was long one of the most popular pilgrimage shrines in Christendom, and is preserved in the imperishable verse of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." When the shrine was destroyed by order of Henry VIII. the confiscated treasures filled two great chests; "such," the annals record, "as six or seven strong men could no more than convey one of them out of the church." This "Defender of the Faith," had the Saint's name struck out of the calendar, and his bones burned and scattered.

Before leaving the cathedral we must visit the spacious crypt which is in fact the oldest portion of the edifice. The custom of constructing a crypt seems to have been taken from the very early Christian churches in Rome, which were in many cases built over the tomb of a martyr, and therefore had a lower and an upper church, the former being used for divine service in days of persecution. The crypt of

NORMAN DOOR, CANTERBURY.

Canterbury Cathedral is the finest in existence; the capitals of the massive pillars are carved with many quaint and strange devices.

The undercroft of the south transept is now appropriated to the French service, which dates from the settlement in Canterbury of Protestant refugees in the year 1575. Tradition says that while a portion was set apart as their "temple," the remainder of the crypt was assigned to them for their occupation as silk and wool-weavers. This settlement of foreign Protestants had its influence on the religious and commercial history of the city. A large number of families of French name and descent still reside in Canterbury.

Passing through the extensive precincts, shaded by fine lime-trees, the visitor will see St. Augustine's College, close to the old city wall, once a school and monastery, now rebuilt and used as a training college for Protestant missionaries.

St. Martin's Church dates from the beginning of the fourth century, when Maximus, before his elevation to the purple, was sent as general to Britain. Previously to his proclamation as emperor he became a Christian.

The Venerable Bede mentions this church as having been erected during the Roman occupation of Britain, and as being dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, who had been a friend and counsellor of Maximus. There King Ethelbert was baptized; and with him, it is said, ten thousand of the men of Kent embraced Christianity. The font in which the monarch was baptized still exists. The church itself has had a remarkable history, surviving disuse and decay, the savage destructiveness of the Saxons, the devastation of Danish invaders, and the apathy of later times.

Tennyson in his dramatic poem on Becket strikingly sets forth the character of the man, his fidelity to his ideals, his love of power, and his tragic fate. When he was first summoned to be archbishop, Becket says:

Am I the man? That rang
Within my head last night, and when I slept
Methought I stood in Canterbury Minster,
And spake to the Lord God, and said, "O Lord,
I have been a lover of wines, and delicate meats,
And secular splendours, and a favourer
Of players, and a courtier, and a feeder
Of dogs and hawks, and apes, and lions and lynxes.
Am *I* the man?" And the Lord answer'd me,
"Thou art the man, and all the more the man."

When the mounting pride and hostility of Becket to Henry II. reached its crisis, the king rails thus at the archbishop:

The slave that ate my bread has kick'd his King!
The dog I cramm'd with dainties worried me!

The fellow that on a lame jade came to court,
A ragged cloak for saddle—he, he, he,
To shake my throne, to push into my chamber—
My bed, where even the slave is private—he—
Sluggards and fools, why do you stand and stare?
You are no King's men—you—you—you are Becket's men.
Down with King Henry! up with the Archbishop!
Will no man free me from this pestilent priest?

When the news of his peril reaches Becket, the pround prelate replies:

Ye think to scare me from my loyalty
To God and to the Holy Father. No!
Tho' all the swords in England flash'd above me
Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours—
Tho' all the loud-lung'd trumpets upon earth
Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings,
Blowing the world against me, I would stand
Clothed with the full authority of Rome,
Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith,

First of the foremost of their files who die
For God, to people heaven in the great day
When God makes up His jewels.

Nothing in Becket's life became him like his leaving it. He proved himself more valorous than the knights who murdered him. In a slowly dragging winter afternoon, while the low thunder is heard of an approaching storm, and the monks are chanting in the cathedral choir, soldiers hammer at the doors. Becket, unafraid, exclaims:

Undo the doors; the church is not a castle.
Knock, and it shall be open'd. Are you deaf?
What, have I lost my authority among you?
Stand by, make way!

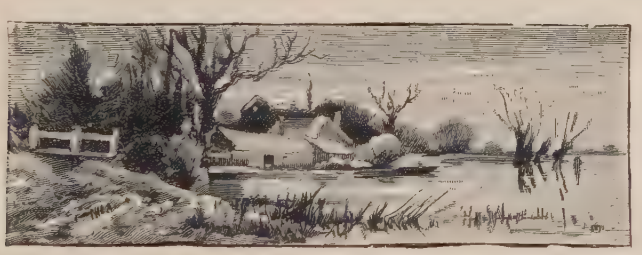
As his cruel murderers approach demanding "Where is this treble traitor to the King?" Becket replies:

No traitor to the King, but Priest of God,
Primate of England.
I am he ye seek.
What would ye have of me?
I am readier to be slain than thou to slay.
Hugh, I know well thou hast but half a heart
To bathe this sacred pavement with my blood.
God pardon thee and these, but God's full curse
Shatter you all to pieces if ye harm
One of my flock!

The soldiers attack the archbishop with their swords, strike off his mitre and put him to death. As he falls upon his knees, his last words are:

At the right hand of Power—
Power and great glory—for Thy Church, O Lord—
Into Thy hands, O Lord—into Thy hands.

He sinks prone and dies.



## THE SWEETEST OF MEMORY'S BELLS.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

Wild is the way through the woodland; but there are the sweet fields of clover,
The sighing, sad pines, and the jessamine vines, and the rill that leaps laughingly over;
The lilies that rim it—the shadows that dim it—and there, winding winsomely sweet,
Is the path that still leads to the old home through rivery ripples of wheat!

And hark! 'tis the song of the reapers, and I know by its jubilant ringing
There is gold in the gleam of the harvest and love in the hearts that are singing
And still as of old to the ether its music mellifluous swells,
And the wind that sighs westward is swaying the sweetest of Memory's bells.

Let me pass through the wheat and the clover, O men and rose-maidens, who reap!
I, who come from the sound of the cities, like a child to its mother would creep;
For through long years of tears and of toiling, like harbour-bells over the foam
Your voices far winging and ringing were singing me—singing me home!

And here, from the pain and the pleasure—from the sorrow and sighing, I flee
As the birds when the storm-winds are blowing, as the ships seek the haven from sea
And I fancy the violets know me in gardens of beauty and bliss;
And do not the red roses owe me the peace of the prodigal's kiss?

The sun is still bright at the portal: there the love-light all radiant shines:
Heart! Heart! there's a face we remember in the tangle and bloom of the vines!
Far off the glad reapers are singing—far off in the rivery wheat,
And the arms of a mother are clinging, and the kiss of a mother is sweet!

# THE JOY-DAY OF THE ALGERINES.

BY FANNIE C. W. HARBOUR.

THE French have done wonderful things for Algiers as a city. Since their occupation in 1830 they have modernized the town, and beautified it with boulevards, arcades, open squares and innumerable terraces. They have entered into traffic with the Arab, enabling him to export his rare curios, and to find a market for the fine embroideries and exquisite metal-work, both of which are specialties of native industry. They have opened schools and lyceums and invited the children of the land to enter, making them welcome.

But with all these attempts at civilizing and modernizing the Algerians, they have made very little progress in changing their social and religious customs; for the daily life of these people, and even their form of dress, is so closely allied with their religious

HOUSE DRESS.

STREET COSTUMES.

belief that it is next to impossible to accomplish any radical reform in this respect.

Especially is this the case with the women and their customs. The Algerine, as the woman is called, occupies very much the same position that woman does in all Mohammedan countries. Among the upper class the slave of her lord's will, in the poorer homes she is a mere household drudge. It is her positive duty, in any position, enforced by the rules of the Koran, to cook for her husband, wait upon him, and provide for his comfort. She is also expected to manufacture many articles required for daily use about the house.

As these women receive little or no education, and are taught that they have no souls, their lives are extremely narrow, their aspirations therefore not very elevated, and their recreations simple and almost childlike. When I think of these poor creatures, with their one day of pleasure in the week and their eager anticipation of it, I often wonder how they manage to exist

during the other six days of hard work, with only this occasional ray of sunshine to drift into the dreary monotony of their lives.

Every Algerine must go veiled in public, for the eyes of no man, except those of her husband and of her nearest relatives, must ever be allowed to rest upon her uncovered features. Otherwise she is disgraced for life. So we constantly met those curious looking beings on the street, dressed in pure white voluminous robes (worn over their rich-coloured satin house dresses); with full baggy white trousers; the latter sometimes containing as much as fourteen yards of material Over the head is worn a white *haik*, or long silk and wool scarf, drawn closely under the chin, covering the head, forehead, and cheeks. Then over the nose, mouth, and throat is the white yashmak, or face veil, placed just under the eyes, so that the latter are the only features exposed.

Thus hampered and muffled, with very little opportunity to breathe untrammelled the pure, invigorating air of that balmy, health-giving atmosphere, must they take their walks abroad, gathering what they may of benefit or enjoyment by the use of the only organs left unrestricted, their large, dark, lustrous eyes.

But most trials have their accompanying compensation, and the one weekly recreation is more welcome to those women of the Orient than we, their free, unhampered sisters of the Occident, can very readily comprehend.

Every Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, the women of the well-to-do classes, who in reality seldom go out at all during the week, club together and hire carriages, omnibuses, and all sorts of conveyances, and are driven in state, still closely veiled, to the Arab cemetery just outside the gate of Algiers. Their less wealthy sisters trudge the distance on foot. Passing the entrance, which is guarded by a eunuch, who allows no male visitor to enter through the closed portals, or to intrude upon the privacy of these Algerines; there, behind high stone walls which surround the burial ground on every side, where no curious eye can pry, all the women doff their face veils and enjoy the sunny atmosphere and warm, balmy air.

Visitors of other nationalities, but only of their own sex, are admitted; and we took the opportunity one charming Friday at noontime, to turn our footsteps thitherward in search of new sensations. Here we found our white-robed friends gathered in great numbers, with their young children. The air of a gala day seemed to pervade the otherwise melancholy surroundings, and they sat among the graves of their ancestors, gaily chatting and laughing together.

Portable braziers and little charcoal stoves had been brought, and presently they all fell to work and prepared a midday repast *al fresco*. *Cous-cous* was heated, and the thick, sweet Moorish coffee soon sent its permeating and delicious aroma upon the air. Hard balls of black bread emerged from covered baskets, and oily fish with queer little portions of sardine or tunny salad accompanied it. The chattering tongues went faster, and this usually peaceful place all at once seemed bristling with Arabic gutturals, in shrill and rather discordant tones. We were welcomed most cordially by a group of women of whom one or two could speak French.

Our severely plain English street costumes contrasted quite painfully with their flowing and graceful drapery of silky white texture; with the gleam of a rich yellow brocade, or a glimpse of some heavy old-pink satin embroidered in soft shadings, worn underneath

the white *burnous* and *haik*, made the dull colours of our cloth coats and gowns seem only more dark and ugly. There was much friendly comment on our mode of dress, and their lack of admiration for it was only too apparent. Our gloves especially excited curiosity, as they never wear any hand covering. We were politely requested to remove them and show our rings, and our depressed feminine spirits rose a little at their undisguised respect for our jewels, for all their precious stones are uncut, and consequently entirely without sparkle or life. They are well loaded with silver bangles and anklets, showy emerald, turquoise, and ruby rings, all uncut, and tawdry gilt necklaces and head-dresses. But not one really valuable jewel did I see among them all.

They asked many questions about our homes and husbands, and appeared quite overcome at the astonishing statement that we were not obliged to share our domestic hearth with others, as a man takes unto himself but one wife at a time. A good Mohammedan is allowed by the laws of the Koran to have four wives, provided he can prove himself able to support them all.

We saw some of the women sitting apart with friends, on newly made graves, weeping in company over the loss of a little one, or of some near and dear spirit recently called away. Toward the close of the afternoon, when the peculiar chill of the sunset hour fell, a chill which always comes with the gloaming in these warm and balmy oriental climes, they began to repair by families to one of the two small mosques within the enclosure.

Here, although these poor creatures are taught that they have no souls, and no future life is promised to them, they still performed their devotions with solemn and earnest mien before returning to their daily vocations, and taking up the duties of another week. I would have given much to have been able to read their inmost thoughts, and to hear their petitions.

Perhaps they prayed for their children, that their little daughters might be allowed to grow up into the free and emancipated life of the civilization which surrounds them on every side, but which has not yet penetrated through the mists and clouds of their firmly fixed and superstitious beliefs. Possibly they prayed for their little sons, some of them babes in their arms, that they might be made great and prosperous leaders, *cadis*, or rulers; and in time be enabled to overcome and turn out the oppressors who have confiscated their property, and made their daily lives a constant struggle with poverty, for in this light they regard the French.

Or their petitions, if overheard, might have taken the pathetic form in which a Mohammedan wife must pray for the future welfare of her husband's soul when, after death, he attains that paradise promised to him, in which his faithful and devoted wives who waited on and ministered so carefully to his wants in this world can have no part or portion.

So possibly prayed those faithful but disconsolate spirits, and then, taking up the burden of life once more, wound close the clinging *burnous* over head and shoulders, and tied the covering *yashmak* over quivering mouth and sensitive features, while they sadly wandered down the cemetery paths into the weary world again.

We stood outside the gate and saw them enter their equipages and quickly disappear from sight, a fluttering, waving mass of white; down the slopes of Mustapha Inferieur, through D'Isly's gate, up into the narrow streets of the Arab quarter, where some thick open door, doubly barred without, received and shut them into their own particular harem.

# THE MOSELY EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION.

## *LESSONS FOR CANADA.*

BY JOHN MILLAR, B.A.,

Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario.

HE English Education Act of 1902, however some of its provisions may be viewed, will revolutionize, slowly though it may be, the school system of the motherland. Persons who are familiar with the events which lead up to the celebrated Cockerton decision, will readily see that two important principles have been involved in the controversies that have arisen. The place of religion in the schools has appeared most prominent, though the right of the masses of the people to better educational advantages, at the public expense, has been really the issue at stake.

The political student who understands the march of events since the great Reform Bill of 1832, will acknowledge the steady triumph of Democracy. By the late Act, as well as by the Forster Act of 1870, the existence of Voluntary—really Denominational—schools in England, is the outcome of the connection between Church and State. The success of the Board Schools is unmistakable evidence that the old idea of education, and indeed of religion, is destined to give way under clearer conceptions of the brotherhood of mankind. The growing feeling among the Anglo-Saxon people is that character, and not dogma, should be the aim in religion, and that the masses, and not the classes alone, should receive the benefits to be derived from any true system of national education. It is, moreover, felt in Europe, not less than in America, that the training given in schools and colleges cannot be of the same kind as a hundred years ago. The subjects to be taught, and the methods to be employed, must be different, in view of the vast progress in science, commerce and industry, as well as in local self-government.

Many of the public men of England have for several years been convinced that there is something defective respecting the diffusion of general education in that country, and that the high position of Germany, in manufactures, is due to the superiority of its system of education. Likewise, the marvellous development of the industries of the United States has called for careful scrutiny of the causes which have been at work. Business men, as well as statesmen like Chamberlain, Balfour, and Lord Rosebery, have urged an examination of present industrial conditions.

Mr. A. Mosely, who has been himself a most successful factor in business, became convinced, like others, that there is a great deal to be learned from the United States. He had previously visited that country, and had gathered considerable information respecting its institutions. At his own expense the Commission was organized and conducted its work. He was encouraged in his purpose by Premier Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, as well as by Mr. M. E. Sadler, the educational expert, and the United States Minister Choate. He felt that the new Education

Act opened a field for some really useful work to be achieved by the Commission, containing representatives of all branches of education. The new Act is being worked out on lines somewhat similar to those followed in the United States. In the country south of us, each State makes its own rules and regulations with regard to education, and the right of levying taxes to cover expenses incurred is left to each State or locality concerned. This is substantially the principle provided by the constitution for Canada. Under the English Act of 1902, the County Councils, within certain specified limits, have power similar to municipalities in Ontario.

It is evident therefore, that the Mosely Commission comes at a very opportune time, and its report should largely help to mould public opinion on many important points. Twenty-six members of the Commission give their separate views. The entire report forms a most valuable volume of over four hundred pages. The subjects placed for investigation were:

1. The development of individuality in the primary schools.
2. The social and intellectual effects of the wide distribution of secondary education.
3. The effect of specific instruction given (*a*) in business methods; (*b*) in applied science.
4. The present state of opinion as to the value of professional and technical instruction of university rank, designed with special reference to the tasks of business life.

In the preface to the report, Mr. Mosely uses the following language:

> Although I do not desire in any way to encroach on the reports of the delegates, nor do I pose as an educationist, a few remarks from myself may be of interest. One of the things that struck me, all through the United States, was the large amount of money devoted to educational purposes, the buildings being magnificent and the equipment lavish. The teachers seem fired with enthusiasm, and there is a thirst for knowledge shown by pupils of all ages which is largely lacking in our own country. In contrast to our education, which has to a large extent been "classical," I found in America it is the "practical" subjects which are principally taught, and technical classes and schools are to be found everywhere. There are also excellent opportunities for those going into the professions to take up classical subjects; but, with the ordinary "everyday" boy who has to fight his way in the world, the bulk of the time is devoted to practical subjects likely to be of most use to him in after life.
>
> American boys remain at school much longer than is the case here, often, in addition, passing through to the secondary schools and colleges at little or no expence to their parents or themselves. I am disposed to think that our own boys leave school much too soon. The arrangements here in regard to school vacations in agricultural districts are not such as best meet the needs of the farming class. In the United States the terms are so arranged that during harvest time, when boys can be of real assistance to their parents and at the same time get the fresh air from the fields, the schools are closed; but the Christmas vacation is very short.
>
> My observations lead me to believe that the average American boy when he leaves school is infinitely better fitted for his vocation and struggle in life than the English boy, and in consequence there are in the United States a smaller proportion of "failures" and fewer who slide downhill and eventually join the pauper, criminal or "submerged tenth" class.
>
> The aim of education in America is to make every boy fit for some definite calling in life, and my own experience leads me to think that nearly every lad if properly trained is fit for something. All cannot be great successes, and clever, successful men are, to a large extent, born, not made; but I do believe that it is possible to teach every lad some branch of industry that will enable him to earn an honest livelihood and make him a help rather than a burden to society. As I have said, the true-born American does not become a drag upon his fellows, but takes his place as a respectable citizen, earning his living soberly and honestly.

The report of the Mosely Commission is, I think, the most valuable contribution to educational

literature of the year. It has been very extensively circulated in England, and copies have been very much in demand in the United States. It would be impossible in an article of this kind to give even a fair summary of the important matters with which the report deals. It is evident the members of the Commission were wisely directed by the American educationists in their investigations.

There is only a slight reference to the schools and colleges of Canada. McGill University, however, comes in for a fair share of notice. The same cannot be said of any institution in Ontario. It is quite evident that the members of the Commission who visited this Province had very poorly mapped out for them the characteristics of our school system. The Provincial University receives very scanty notice, and the reference to the training of teachers—one of our strong points—was very imperfectly grasped. The few references made to education in Ontario will, however, do us no harm. The information given respecting American institutions is not new to those who have had the opportunity of paying a visit to schools, colleges and universities on the other side of the line. Indeed, the perusal of the valuable volume will serve to convince those who have been disposed to excessive praise of our educational work that after all there is much to be gained by the study of education as understood, valued and promoted in the United States.

The importance attached to education in the United States is the most valuable lesson to be drawn for this Province from the report of the Mosely Commission. In Ontario the people do not yet fully realize the value of education in the development of the country. Well-trained citizens should be regarded as our most important assets. The resources of Canada are continually and properly set forth by our public men. What avail will they be to the country if we fail to recognize the necessity of educating, both morally and intellectually, the pupils attending our schools? The liberality of our neighbours in educational matters is forcibly expressed in many of the reports. The Rev. Professor Finlay, one of its members, speaks as follows:

> In America there is a universal belief in the value of education, and a universal zeal in promoting it. The expenditure of money on education is generous to the verge of extravagance. States and municipalities vote funds for the purpose without stint—sometimes as much as one-third of their revenue. Religious bodies contribute to their own schools on the same scale, and private individuals bestow princely fortunes in the endowment of educational institutions. The buildings of the elementary schools are prominent in all quarters of the great cities. The site of one of these schools will sometimes cost fifty thousand pounds, and the building itself as much more. The salaries of the teachers of these elementary schools—each of whom will have classes of from forty to fifty pupils—range from one hundred pounds to five hundred pounds a year. The high schools are equipped and staffed in a proportionately costly manner, and the universities seem but to have to ask for money to get it. Where these institutions are supported by the rates the ratepayers seem to be satisfied they are receiving value for their money, though I have heard complaints of the expenditure on the salaries of the higher officials of some municipal education departments.

Why should any city in Canada adhere to the European policy of class education? Every high school that receives support from public funds should be free. To impose fees is undemocratic, and not in accordance with that brotherhood which Christianity embodies. The so-called "workingman" is handicapped in some of our cities. It is time high-school fees were abolished.

Mr. Black, another member, gives views which should be taken to

heart by those in Ontario who debar children from attending the high school on account of the poverty of their parents. His language is as follows:

In comparison with America, secondary education in England is woefully inadequate and incomplete. In New York and in other States it is possible for a child to go from the kindergarten to the elementary school, then to the high school and on to the University, and graduate there without having to pay a single penny for school fees, every book, pen, pencil, and school utensil used throughout the course being also provided free.

In Ontario there has been, in some places, a disposition to look upon the high school as an institution for preparing students who desire to enter the professions or to attend a university. It is unfortunate that any such feeling should linger in a country where class distinctions cannot possibly obtain a foothold. Amalgamation of school boards, and the arrangement of courses of study for high and public schools are doing much to erase objectionable features of our system which early conditions produced. The high-school programme should simply be regarded as a continuation of the public-school course. On this point Professor Foster, another member of the Commission, writes as follows:

Its curriculum occupies four years, and is so arranged as to fit on to the curriculum of the elementary and grammar grades. This is one of the weakest points in the educational ladder that has been constructed in the States. The new public educational authorities of England in organizing secondary education will do well to consider carefully how the transition from the elementary to the secondary is to be made. In America, where, taking the country as a whole, the children of the rich and poor go to the same elementary school, where the son of the President may be seen side by side with the son of the President's coachman or greengrocer, it is deemed invidious, say, at the age of twelve, to differentiate the education of the boy who will go on to the high school from that of the child whose education will be limited to that of the elementary and grammar school. Moreover, I was told that it was not only invidious, but it was impossible to do this with any satisfaction, as in many cases the teacher cannot obtain information as to the length of the duration of a child's school period.

There is no doubt that this difficulty leads to the loss of time, as the children do not begin the more difficult and testing subjects that belong to a secondary curriculum until they are fourteen. It leads also to failures that would not occur if the age of beginning these more difficult subjects were earlier. In the opinion of several members of the Commission who were especially concerned with secondary education, it was estimated that a loss of at least two years was made in this way. This opinion I can endorse from what I saw in the lower classes of the high schools.

The high school in the United States is no longer a preparatory school. There has been an adaptation of the college to the high school rather than of the high school to the college. The traditions of the college have yielded to modern ideas of education. When the requirements for matriculation are founded on tradition it has been deemed necessary to break with tradition by ignoring it. The social aim of secondary education has been recognized. It is not clear that with our "culture studies" we are actually promoting culture. It is open to dispute whether some studies actually give training in clear thinking. Many persons question whether the æsthetic studies actually lead to the enjoyment of good literature or noble art. Much of our practice rests on the assumed theory that when a child is obliged to exert himself in a limited field, he acquires as a consequence power in other fields.

President Starr Jordan says:

For generations it has been believed that the pupil who drilled on Euclid had his reasoning powers so developed that they would be serviceable in any matter demanding reasoning. So Latin is justified largely because it encourages linguistic

and other forms of exactness. This doctrine which underlies so much of the curriculum of the high school and early college years has so little support from common-sense and psychology that the coming administrators of the high school will be obliged to examine it very critically.

The desire on the part of students in poor financial circumstances to get a college education is not unknown in Ontario. Perhaps students of our universities might take some encouragement from the methods adopted by young men of narrow circumstances in the United States. The words of Mr. Blair, in this connection, are suggestive:

> A word is necessary on the boldness and character of many students at American colleges and universities. Cases of the kind mentioned are numerous, but they do not apply to a large percentage of the whole number of students; they are in sufficient number, however, to show the grit of many of the young men; and the existence of such cases shows up a side of the university character which is long since dead in England, and which I fear is dying in Scotland, where it was somewhat common twenty or thirty years ago. Men maintain themselves by wages received for tutoring, for clerical work, for waiting at tables, for librarian work, tending furnaces and lawns, acting as tram conductors, lighting street lamps, carrying newspapers, canvassing for city telephones, city directories, or for political campaigns, etc.
>
> I saw one student acting as washer-up for two coloured purveyors of lunch; and was informed that his remuneration consisted of his meals. Another case was described to me of three university students who ran a laundry, themselves doing the work of collecting the clothes, and of washing, ironing, and redistributing the clean linen. Students when they have settled their careers in their own minds and have definitely fixed their aims will borrow a large part of the necessary funds with the utmost confidence in their capacity to repay within a reasonable time. Such students are the very salt of the earth, and the nation is robust in health which rears such virile spirits. Americans respect all who can work, no matter what the character of the work, and they have the utmost contempt for the idle, and disregard of what is to become of them. "Work or starve" is a fundamental article of the American creed.

The same gentleman sees much in the absence of prizes, and of "ranking" in America that would afford valuable lessons to England. Fortunately in Ontario, less and less attention is being attached to prizes, and many leading educationists regard them as unsound in principle. Mr. Blair says:

> In a minor degree the success of these technological institutes is due to the absence of prizes and of ranking. Their catalogues do not contain the lists of prize and scholarship winners; and merit lists are not to be found on the notice boards. At Cornell a student may privately ascertain what his marks in an examination are; at Boston a student never knows his marks; there are no honour degrees. The rivalry of students is, therefore, of a somewhat healthy character.
>
> What then are the incentives to hard study? First, though most remote, the great prizes in the industrial world; secondly, and intimately connected with the first, the young American sees he cannot afford to waste his time; thirdly, the fact that the faculty have it in their power to recommend him into a good industrial firm. At Boston the managers of firms appear a month before graduation, size up and pick off the best of the students; and in Boston, as almost everywhere, there is a faculty committee which has charge of appointments.

In several of the reports much praise is given to the practical character of the work taken up in both the elementary and the secondary schools, as well as in the colleges. It was noticed in all parts of the country that the main object of the training given was to fit young people to do something for themselves. To break down that divorce which so often exists between the school and society is quite noticeable. Too often it is apparently accepted that the acquisition of knowledge should form the main feature of school work, and that application of such knowledge

should begin only after school life is over.

Much has been done to correct such unsound views by such university men as Presidents Eliot, of Harvard; Butler, of Columbia, and Harper, of Chicago. Dr. Dewey, now of Columbia, but recently of Chicago, has been very outspoken in favour of educational reforms in this connection. It is felt that the school, and even the college, should be merely preparatory in fitting one for citizenship. Educational development should go on through life, and a schoolboy should not think of throwing his books aside when he turns his attention to the farm, the factory, or the counting-house.

The trend of modern educational theories has brought in as valuable subjects of the school, Manual Training, Household Science, Engineering, Journalism, etc. Professor Ayrton makes the following comparison between the American and English student:

> A comparison between students in the two countries shows that the American student is usually not as scholarly, nor as well read, as the English student of the same age; but "he has his knowledge in a better form to apply." The British system turns out a man full of knowledge and principles, while the American product is a business man with a scientific training. The characteristics of each nation have their advantages. To America we look for that rapid, bold, and successful application of science to industry which has brought about the commercial invasion of the world, while to Europe we look for those scientific imaginings and creations which are apparently so unimportant to-day, but which to-morrow revolutionize old industries and give birth to new ones.

Several members of the Commission called attention, and in most instances disapprovingly, to the preponderance of women teachers. The situation is pretty well known, not only as regards the elementary schools, but also as regards the high schools. In the elementary schools "the passing of the schoolmaster" has long been recognized. It is unfortunate that in the advanced classes of the elementary schools, as well as in the high schools, the number of men teachers has very much decreased. Fortunately for Ontario matters are not so bad as on the other side.

Frequently one will hear it said that the work of the woman is as good in the school as that of the man. What does "work" mean? If it is simply imparting knowledge there may be some truth in the remark, though not as much as people imagine. If passing pupils at examinations be the measure of a teacher's success, it may be difficult to meet the arguments advanced. Educating means training, and it would be absurd to think that for large boys a woman is as competent as a man. Doubtless false views of economy are at the bottom of the whole question.

In our high schools and collegiate institutes we have already a fair proportion of women teachers. In such institutions where there are so many girls, it is desirable that there should be some lady teachers. I do not think there should be in a high school more than one woman teacher for every two men.

Some persons deplore "the passing of the schoolmaster" in rural districts. It should be recollected, however, that in nearly all country schools the pupils are young children, where a woman is certainly better suited to have charge of them. No longer do young men, as formerly, attend country schools. This class of persons should already be at their life work, unless prosecuting their studies, which would find them in the high school or college.

It is desirable in Ontario not to increase proportionately the number of lady teachers. Boys in the higher classes of the graded schools

should be taught by men. It would be well also to provide that even in country schools where there are two teachers, the principal should be a man. This plan is feasible and desirable. It is to be feared, however, that the trustees will still be influenced by ideas of economy. Legislation could do much, but even the Legislative Assembly is not ready to meet possible opposition from the electorate.

Some of the members of the Commission were forcibly struck with the cordial relations existing between pupils and teacher. The discipline prevailing in the schools of the United States appears to be of a less rigid character than that found in England. It is well known that the discipline of the German schools is very exacting. Indeed, there is a good deal of the military spirit displayed by the German schoolmaster. Important lessons may be learned respecting disciplinary methods in the schools of our neighbours.

I fear there has been too much of the "driving" process in many of the schools in Ontario. The examination system, which we are now modifying, though never as bad as in England, is largely accountable, I think, for that trait in discipline I mention. Professor Armstrong appears to think that methods in the schools of the United States do not "develop the virile man." "To put the matter," he says, "in very simple terms, it seemed to me on the occasion of my former visit—and the impression was confirmed during my recent visit—that a boy in America is not being brought up to punch another boy's head, or to stand having his own punched, in a healthy and proper manner."

My experience for many years as principal of a large collegiate institute makes me to dissent entirely from the doctrine thus expressed. I venture to say, boys become better men by being trained to habits of self-control, than to readiness in self-defence. Roughness on the playground never develops true manhood.

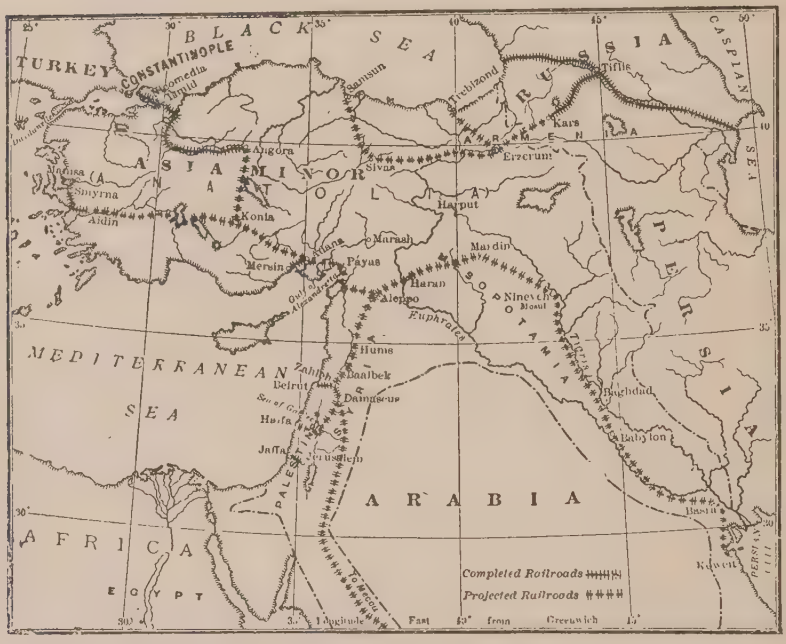
Mr. Black thus expresses himself regarding the relations between teacher and pupil in the American school:

> It seems to me that American teachers are more successful than our own in training intelligence, in teaching thinking, in bringing out self-expression, in encouraging inquiry. Their pupils are taught to give their views, to offer reasons, and I found that the teachers were willing to regard any suggestion, or reason, or statement from the scholars as worth consideration, however crude or untenable it might be, and I never heard a pupil snubbed because he made a mistake or said something foolish. Again and again I found the teacher, with a freedom and familiarity which would seem strange in England, place himself, as it were, alongside his pupils, and together they would work out the problem on which they were engaged.

Space will allow only a passing reference to many other topics dealt with in these reports. The undue length of the college course, and of the subsequent professional course, is commented on; attention is drawn to the extensive organization of the American colleges; the well-known fact that the teaching profession attracts very few of the best men; the valuable work done in such schools of education as are connected with Harvard, Columbia, and Chicago Universities; the great demand for well trained college men in business and in manufactures; the freedom of the educational systems from the tyranny of examinations; the liberal assistance given to the State universities of the West; the liberality of wealthy men compared with the niggardliness of the bulk of similar Englishmen. These and numerous other subjects come in for appreciative notice in this valuable volume.

# THE CRUSADE OF CIVILIZATION IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR J. BROWN, D.D.




MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE ANATOLIAN RAILWAY.

WHILE the world is watching the noisier readjustments in China and South Africa a mighty struggle is silently going on in ancient Syria, Palestine and Asia Minor. The modern crusader is not a knightly cavalier, but the spirit of a new civilization, and it is slowly but surely accomplishing what the warrior failed to accomplish. Though the Sultan is an absolute despot, it is notorious that he lives in constant fear of revolution and assassination. His empire is a seething mass of hostile peoples who hate one another with all the rancours of race, country, and religion. It is a mistake to suppose that the so-called nominal Christian sects are the only ones who are inimical to the Sultan.

The policy of exclusion which the Sultan so strenuously desires is, however, becoming more and more impossible. Fast steamers bring throngs of Europeans and travellers to crowd the hotels of Constantinople, Beirût, Ras, Baalbec, Damascus, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. The white tents of the English and American visitor dot the valleys of the interior. Projected railroads already gridiron the map. But in 1888 the Germans vigorously took up the question of railroads in Asiatic Turkey and formed the Anatolian Railway Company, which received a concession to repair the

standard line from Haidai Pasha to Ismid and extend it to Angora, which was reached in December, 1892. The following year a new company managed to obtain another permit, under which it pushed the line to Konia by 1896. Subsequent German efforts to get permission to continue the road were strongly opposed by Russia and several other European powers. But, one by one, German persistence overcame all obstacles. The Sultan himself began to see strategic advantages to himself in the proposed through line, and in November, 1900, a convention was signed which guaranteed to the Anatolian Railway Company the right to build the road to Bagdad and on the Persian Gulf.

This railroad will effect a tremendous revolution in the hoary East. Think of a railroad running from Constantinople through the heart of Asia Minor, traversing the Karamanian plateau, the Taurus Mountains and Cilician valleys, descending the plain of the Tigris and the Euphrates, passing Haran Nineveh (Mosul), Bagdad, and ancient Babylon, and ending on the tide-waters of the Arabian Sea! That road will not only open up a vast region once famous for its fertility, and still susceptible of high cultivation, but it will so shorten the journey from Europe to India that it will have far-reaching consequences for that teeming continent as well as for Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. It is not surprising that the other European powers, and England in particular, were highly excited and that warships have been hurrying to Koweit, the desired terminus. Pending the settlement of the controversy as to the political status of that port, the temporary terminus is fixed at Basra.

Another line is being constructed from Haifa, through Galilee to Damascus, with Bagdad for an expected terminus. I drove for hours within sight of the roadbed which a French company has already made from Zahleh nearly to Hums, and which will be pushed on to Aleppo. Still more significant is the projected line from Damascus southward to Mecca, so that the myriads of pilgrims to the Holy City of Islam will ere long journey by rail. Trains are already running from Jaffa to Jerusalem and from Beirut to Damascus.

Russia, however, is by no means disposed to leave railroad building in Asiatic Turkey to her rivals. M. Victor Berard, of Paris, happily characterizes the French and English lines constructed between 1856 and 1886 as railroads of penetration, the German lines begun in 1886 as railroads of transit, and the Russian lines as railroads of occupation. The concessions that Russia has wrung from the Sultan throw a strong light upon her politico-military ambitions in this part of the world and her determination to have all needful facilities for promptly sending troops where they can do the most good in an emergency. She has obtained the exclusive right to build and operate all railroads in the villayets of Trebizond and Erzrum, and the promise that only Turks shall be given rights to construct railroads in the villayet of Sivas. As Trebizond is the nearest port to Armenia, and Erzrum is a powerful military and commercial centre of the interior on the direct road from Tiflis and Kars, and as Sivas is the converging point of roads from Erzrum on the east, Samsun on the Black Sea on the north, Angora and Constantinople on the west, Harput and Mardin on the south-east, Marash and Payas on the Gulf of Alexandretta on the south, and Konia on the south-west —the strategic significance of Russia's concessions is easily understood. As M. Berard says:

> Russia compels in this way the future possession or the surveillance of all the

lines necessary for the occupation of Great Armenia. She does not demand the immediate concession of the smallest piece of line. She is methodical in her enterprises.

While any one can see that the French buildings in Jerusalem are more imposing than any purely religious purpose necessitates, the Russian quarter is such a veritable fortress in size and strength, and the lofty Belvedere Tower which crowns the Mount of Olives is so unmistakably adapted to military signaling for nearly all that part of Palestine, that no one, except diplomats and idiots, doubts that Russia is preparing for a day when she expects, in Napoleon's phrase, that "Providence will be on the side of the heaviest battalions."

While, therefore, the Far Eastern question in China, Japan, and Korea has diverted popular attention from the Eastern question in Turkey, it will be seen that all the elements of the latter still exist and that the powers most interested are more or less quietly at work on the old ground. Russia is moving steadily and inflexibly around the Black Sea, and the other Powers are desperately trying to checkmate her before she commands the Dardanelles, where her enormous armaments would jeopardize England at Egypt and the gateway to India and be so dangerously close to the coast lines of Greece, Austria, Italy, and France, as well as North Africa, that the Mediterranean as well as the Black Sea would practically be a Russian lake. Germany is concerned because, though having no coast line that would be exposed, she sees that such Russian ascendency would destroy the balance of power and menace all Europe, because she has large commercial interests in Syria and Palestine, and because, when the break-up comes, Germany wants her share. She is therefore straining every nerve to strengthen herself in Palestine and Syria and Asia Minor generally.

France, with the powerful aid of Roman Catholic priests, monks, nuns and Jesuits, is so entrenching herself in Syria that she would probably get that region in any distribution of spoils. The French position, however, has been seriously weakened within recent months. The Berlin Conference in 1878 recognized France as Protector of Catholic Missions in the East, and France highly prizes the prestige and opportunity this gave her. Now Italy has secured the same right for her people in Turkey.

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## AS OF OLD.

BY ARTHUR D. A. RANDOLPH.

The night is calm,
The stars shine clear,
  The sky is all aglow:
A heavenly messenger draws near
  As, centuries ago,
On Bethlehem plain
  The angel spoke
The birth of Christ
  To shepherd folk.

Above the din
Of market-place,
  The turmoil and the strife—
Alike to honour or disgrace—
  To all the walks of life,
This Christmas night
  The angels bring
Glad tidings of
  The new-born King.

Be still this night,
O restless town!
  Forget the loss or gain—
The angel song comes floating down,
  A sweet and heavenly strain.
Let, if you can,
  The song fulfil
Peace upon earth,
  To men good-will.

# THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY CARRIE JOANNA HILL.

OSEPHINE was a greater character than Napoleon in the elements of moral grandeur. She ruled the hearts of the people, while he ruled by the unrivalled splendour of genius. Rising out of poverty to the glory of a throne, familiar with all the vicissitudes of fortune, her history is invested with a romantic and pathetic history.

Born in the picturesque ocean island, Martinique, she passed her childhood in the midst of nature's grander manifestations. The solemn ocean spread at her feet, amid birds and flowers, the exuberance of her spirits breathed out beneath the richly coloured sky that seemed to smile back in her joyous face. She had a passion for music, and would wander away to the seashore or a forest solitude, and like a wild bird pour out her melodies on the air.

We follow her next to the marriage altar. She accompanies her husband, Beauharnais, to Paris, is presented at court, flattered by the nobility, and introduced to the gay scenes crowding the brilliant circles of the capital city. Josephine adorned every circle in which she moved; the very impersonation of all loveliness, her genius equal to her charms.

Very swiftly turns the wheel of fortune. After the lapse of a few happy years the love of the husband grows cold, and Josephine is deserted. She returns to the sea-girdled home, and while she watches the sunlit tide laying its undulations in foam at her feet, and listens to the ceaseless sobbing of the sea, her mind is led to the contemplation of the vast realities of the life to come ; from the fleeting, changeful scenes of time, to the abiding, constant joys of heaven. She was reduced to such straits, that, as she afterwards declared to the ladies of her court, who were admiring her unrivalled collection of jewels: "The gift of a pair of old shoes afforded me at that time greater satisfaction than all these diamonds ever did."

After a time the husband is reconciled, but soon another bitter cup is pressed to her lips. In the midst of the nation's throes, Beauharnais is arrested for his republican principles, and in quick succession follow Josephine's imprisonment and Beauharnais' execution. Some of the loveliest traits of this beautiful character were exhibited during these dark days. Her prison was distinguished for its hecatomb of eight thousand slain during the reign of terror. We can scarcely appreciate the heroism that sustained this fair victim, separated from all she loved, her husband and children at the mercy of excited enemies; she pacing a dungeon floor humid with human blood, listening to the summons to prepare for the guillotine. Ah, the vicissitudes of fortune! To-day a dismal, gory cell, to-morrow a dazzling throne.

We next see Josephine the wife of Bonaparte; then empress of the French. While moving amid the splendours of her exaltation, she is invested with the same simple, unaffected, charming grace that she bore in humble stations. The habitual expression of her face was a placid sweetness, whose influence there were few who could resist. The perfect modulation of her voice constituted one of her

most charming attractions, and rendered her conversation the most captivating that can be conceived. Her self-possession as empress never forsook her. With equal dignity she receives kings and princes, and ministers to the wants of unfortunate ones. The same symmetrical character, in prison or in the temple of coronation, listening to the acclamations of a nation, or to the story of affliction in a peasant's hovel. Josephine's fine social qualities, brilliant accomplishments, and wise judgment contributed largely to Napoleon's advancement.

Now comes the most terrible experience of this chequered career. Josephine loved Bonaparte to adoration. Her heart clung to him as the vine clings to the sturdy oak, and when her fidelity was doubted, or her love unreturned, she drooped like a smitten flower. From political motives Napoleon determined to put away his true and faithful wife, and ally himself with the reigning house of Austria. A vague rumour of this floated to the palace; Josephine sought to hide the sorrow that was breaking her heart. She had a smile and kind word for every one. Her favourite swan received its accustomed visits. Her pet gazelle was never denied a fond caress. With heroic fortitude she moved forward through the ever-deepening darkness that overshadowed her pathway. At length the storm burst upon her head. When Napoleon announced his decision to her she sank upon the floor in a swoon, overcome with the weight of her grief.

History hardly shows an example of greater self-denying devotion than the empress exhibited during this trying ordeal. While she was bowed like a reed before the tempest, she murmured not. She still loved with a devotion that knew no bounds the one who had broken her heart. The most flagrant of Napoleon's many acts of gross injustice was the putting away of Josephine, and from this time forth his star declined, until it set in the darkness of exile. Josephine's heart beat true to the last. When he was forsaken by all, she longed to fly to him and beguile his lonely hours. Everywhere we see the same magnanimous spirit, spotless virtue, gentleness and fidelity. The most conspicuous and lovely traits in this character are deep sympathy with the suffering and joy in doing good.

We recognize Napoleon's matchless genius, the measured tread of whose martial columns shook thrones and kingdoms; the man who pre-eminently stood upon the pinnacle of worldly power and glory, yet inseparably associated with the thought of perverted power. But the memory of good Josephine is for ever embalmed in the hearts of all who love the good and true and beautiful.

We look at the subject of this sketch through an intervening century of advancement in enlightenment and morals. She lived without the elevating influence of morality in its highest form, surrounded by society hollow in principle and deceptive in action, yet she was almost an ideal character. Do we, with our broader view and clearer light, measure up to her standard of excellence ?

Circumstances open to us new fields of activity, but brains and will-power make us ready to fill the large places when open to us; so it is what is in us that really shapes our destinies. We weave our own crowns. Heaven lies within us, if anywhere. It is the unseen and spiritual in us that de-

termines the outward and actual. The heroine of our sketch was the same queenly, loving being in prison as on the throne.

The poorest, narrowest, meanest life has in it a depth of desire, an intensity, sometimes a madness, of yearning and longing after true greatness. These aspirations are heaven-born, and God waits to impart true nobility of character. Our outward life may not be what we desire, but let us remember that God takes infinitely more pains with you and me than the artist with his painting, by many colours of circumstance, to bring us into the form which is noblest and most perfect in his sight.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

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## "BECAUSE OF MY OATEN LOAF."

BY LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY.

The hills leaned near; above the cedarn wood
The slow night-purples fulled:
At mine own door, yea, at mine own wide door I stood
And lipless song at my heart's heart-strings pulled,
For dews above the dusk.

A locust waked: a bullfrog yapped and drooled:
A sudden wind clapped in the drowsy reeds:
The sweets that ever droned at mine own door as the milk cooled
In the water-brook; and lost bees from the meads,
And wagtail on the stones.

They tarried at the byre; new milk I gave
Warm from the ewe; and my one loaf I brake
In three, whiles ever in my heart the mute song strave
For overflow; and good they spake
The gourd, and oaten loaf.

*That Star again*—Sirs, Sirs, never before
Hung star there yonder where the great hills stoop!
Ere ye came down the road, from out mine door
I watched a strange light gather like a hoop
Of white fire, past the wood.

Good Sirs, I fear that Star! Ye be nor churl nor oaf
That ye shall fright as a weak woman must!
Read ye me this—because of mine oaten loaf—
Lords, see! at thy own feet trailing the hodden dust
The white light shines!

. . . *I want to see the* KING! Mayhap the lady-Queen
Shall need a handmaid when her hour is come:
To bruise the henna-leaves—or keep the palace-rushes clean—
Or e'en, mayhap, e'en under breath to hum
My little Lord to sleep.

Mayhap, because of my oaten loaf—one loaf was all I had—
Mayhap ye shall not flout me hence if I follow afar:
I want to kiss His feet! I want to say, *Lord, dear little Lad,*
*To-night up in the hills I found Thy star*
*And come to serve!*

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

## A PLEA FOR PEACE.

BY NICHOLAS WILLS.

Sing! sing your carol, angel host,
'Mid dazzling splendours of the sky;
From world to world, from star to star,
Sweet-sounding anthem of God's minstrelsy!
Heaven's sea of joy floods over, and the song
Bursts forth in rich, full waves, and rolls along:
"Glory to God! Goodwill to men!" rings out the blest refrain.
"Peace to this wayward world of strife!" sing, angels, sing again!

Shepherd and sage His star beheld,
And, wondering, came to where He lay;
Prone to His feet, by love impelled,
They humbly hail Him King, and homage pay,
Present their gifts; yet much to them was given;
To see their Sovereign Lord was more than Heaven!
"Glory to God!" they cry. Their pent-up joy thus finds release,
As back they go to hill and city from the Prince of Peace.

Ring on the night your Christmas bells,
But muffle them to solemn sound,
Till tears and woes their clamour tells,
And all but notes of sorrowing are drowned:
For Wisdom's chosen sons with pastoral race
Are locked together in dread War's embrace.
"Glory to God! Goodwill to men!" our souls they fain would sing;
Yet falter——We would see Thy star, Lord, usher Christmas in.

The day shall dawn, though long delayed,
When peace, *true peace*, shall rule the earth;
For this God's people oft have prayed
And sighed, when telling of Salvation's worth.
Within their hearts the Christ of Peace does reign—
JESUS, our King, Who sure will come again.
To Him be praise! Goodwill to men! Glad tidings unto all!
We hail Him as they did of old, and, praying, prostrate fall.

# BETWEEN THE ANDES AND THE SEA.

BY L'INCONNU.

CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, SANTIAGO.

IT was a sunny afternoon, and we leaned back lazily in our seat in the railway carriage as we went whizzing along the main railway of Chili. A country over 2,500 miles in length, often but forty, and never exceeding two hundred, in width—we had the satisfaction of feeling at least that in traversing it by rail we were seeing the most of the land. For this long and narrow land has, virtually speaking, no east or west. All moves of any distance must be to the north or south. And the people of Chili, we soon learned, particularly those of the lower classes, are much given to migrations. The slightest pretext is sufficient for a whole family to move, bag and baggage.

Our attention for a time was occupied by our fellow-travellers. Not a few were English, others German. The car itself was comfortable, well-equipped, and with a quite North American air. The creole beauty just in front of us was absorbed in a Parisian novel. The three light-haired girls further down the aisle were chattering brightly in English. The two German men were discussing cattle-shipping.

We turned again to the panorama flitting by the car windows. To our left the Andes rose, dim and misty in the distance, not a few of their peaks capped with snow; others reddish-brown and barren; others still, not so lofty, were shadowed with dark, straggly shrubs; and an occasional one smoked sleepily in the afternoon sunshine like the crater of a half-slumbering volcano.

It was a pleasing picture in that golden witchery of sunshine, the great vistas of fields that spread

themselves between the Andes and the Coast Range, the long rows of poplars, the ditches that divide the farms in lieu of fences, the miserable adobe huts where the labourers live, neglected, squalid, miserable, without hope and without incentive—the life, in short, of a slave, too inert to be discontented with a condition than which they have known nothing better.

Here and there a little chocolate-coloured frame church lifted the cross, not of Calvary, but of Rome. Great ox-carts, with stupid-looking oxen, were being laden in the fields.

CALLE DEL PUENTA, SANTIAGO.

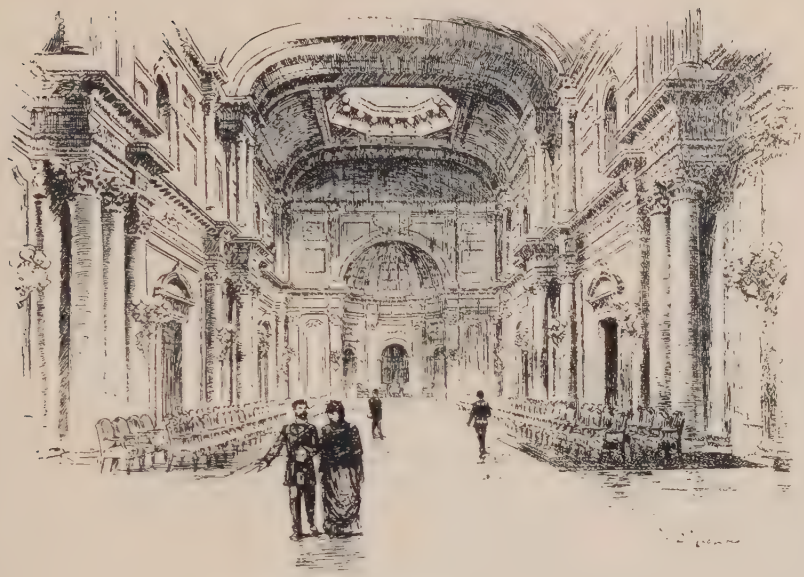
Now and again at the shriek of the whistle a flock of large white birds of the stork family rose and sailed away into the undimmed blue.

At the wayside stations it seemed as though all the inhabitants felt it incumbent upon them to meet the train. "You see," said Malcolm, egotistically, "they know we haven't long to spend in Chili. They are all coming to the station to let us see what they look like."

Always at every station we found the same little shops displaying watermelons and onion-pies for sale. For the Chileno dearly loves an onion-pie.

We drew the two Germans, who had been residents in Chili for some time, into conversation, and from them learned many things. In most of the country districts, as in Peru, a great deal depends on irrigation. There are no dews, and no rains, except during the winter months. The farms, or haciendas, are for the most part extensive. The owners live in the city, reap the profits, and leave the labour to hirelings. Each farmer is a subscriber to an irrigation canal. We were interested, as we passed through some districts, to see here and there a solitary workman damming up the water over a square patch of crop, then letting it loose again through the lacework of channels, and making a small dam elsewhere. In some more favoured spots little Nile-like rivers overflow the land, leaving a layer of fertilizing matter behind them as they recede.

The sun lowered in the west; the train rushed on through the broad alfalfa fields, past vineyards and orchards, past hedges of climbing roses and jasmine and wistaria, past houses of adobe, painted in various colours. We learned from



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, SANTIAGO.

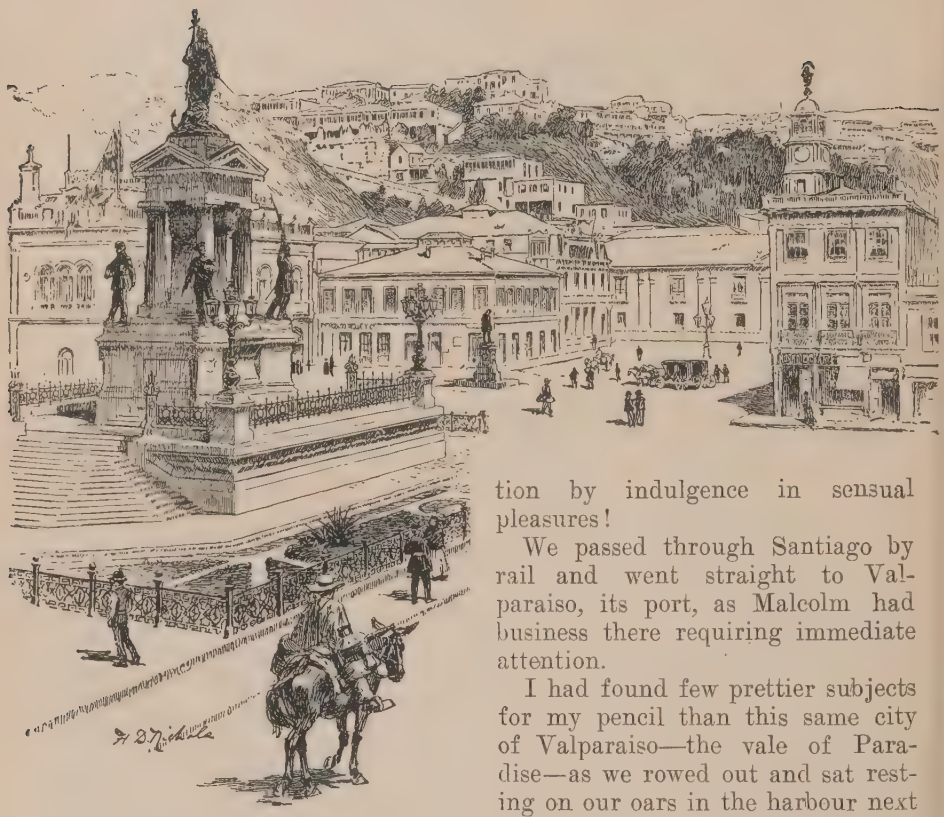
our German friends that the use of frame and adobe was not always a sign of poverty, but was used because of its being less dangerous during the earthquakes that cause occasional disturbance in the land.

We were very much interested in what our friends told us of the poor peones, as they are called, who work the farms. They are a hybrid race, descendants of the Araucanian Indians. They toil for a miserable wage, live on bread, beans, and water, sleep on the bare ground, get drunk on Sunday, sleep it off on Monday, and resume work toward the middle of the week.

It is here among these people the Gospel has a mighty work to accomplish—a work as yet almost untouched. We were glad to see that our new-found German friends espoused the missionary cause, as well as we. They were evidently to a certain extent worldly men, but they recognized the worth of missionary effort in the few little spots where it had been put forth in the land.

Accustomed as we had grown in our travels to the dense population of foreign lands, we had, of course, been struck everywhere by the sparsely settled countries of South America. Chili proved no exception. In all her stretch of 2,500 miles she has but three million people. This is largely to be accounted for by the great mortality of infants. In spite of the most delightful and healthful of climates, the majority of children born in Chili die in their infancy. This is doubtless due to the unsanitary environment of the poorer classes. With them it is a clear case of the survival of the fittest. The lower classes are sturdy and strong. The weaklings all die during the first few months of their lives. Nor do the parents mourn their little ones as in our land.

We had been in Chili but a little time when we approached a village one day and found all the people making holiday. Labour had given place to dancing, singing, and other forms of festivity.



THE ARTURO PRAT MONUMENT, VALPARAISO.

"What kind of festival is this?" we asked of a fair-haired Englishman, who had lived in Chili several years.

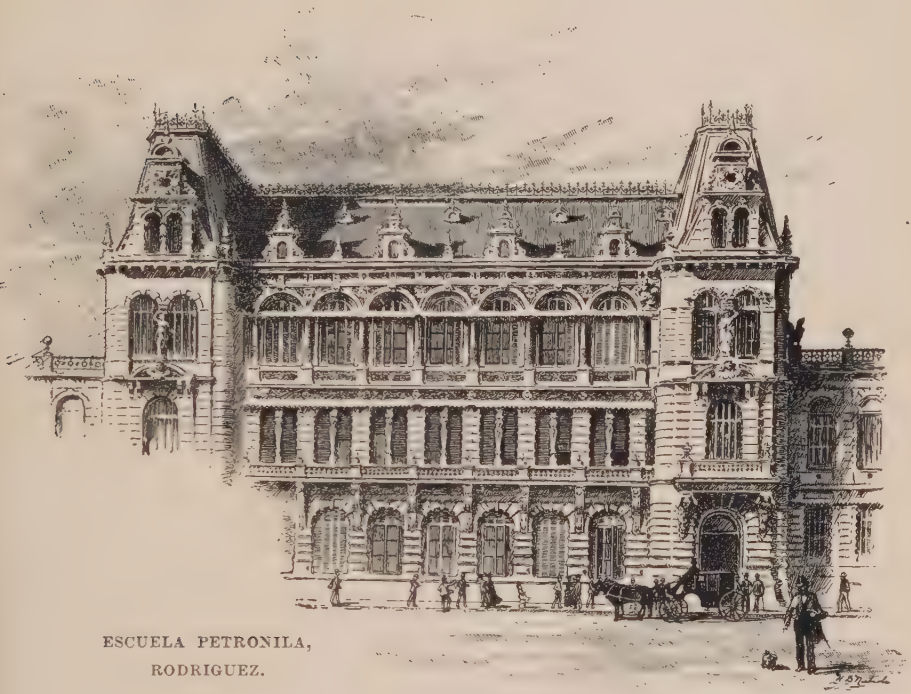
"This," said he, "is a festival for the angelitos. When an infant dies in Chili they hold a wake. They believe the children go straight to Paradise, and their mothers become mothers of angels. Last year this village had a wake for a couple of weeks. Several infants had died of some infectious disease. They had them dressed up like images, and surrounded with tapers." Strange commingling of the sublime and the sordid! The beautiful conception of being the mothers of angels, and its gross celebration by indulgence in sensual pleasures!

We passed through Santiago by rail and went straight to Valparaiso, its port, as Malcolm had business there requiring immediate attention.

I had found few prettier subjects for my pencil than this same city of Valparaiso—the vale of Paradise—as we rowed out and sat resting on our oars in the harbour next day. In actual words we cannot better describe it than in those of a young American girl, whose article on Valparaiso we have since read:

"This city of hills, its houses resting tier upon tier with their myriad of sparkling lights, reminds one of the facade of some immense public building, with its gala-day illuminations.

"As the city has grown the rocky cliffs have been terraced; irregular rows of houses of different shapes and sizes rise up against the precipices. It would seem as if a convulsion of nature had placed them there, and that a volcanic eruption would send them tumbling into the sea. These are reached by winding roads, which tradition says were laid out by the



ESCUELA PETRONILA,
RODRIGUEZ.

goats that in the early days fed upon the mountain sides. Electric lights are placed upon the cliffs, and a street-car line encircles the city."

It was in Valparaiso that we made our first acquaintance with the fair sex as street-car conductors. Woman conductors, in dark flannel uniforms, white aprons, and sailor hats, received our fares. The same custom prevails throughout the cities of Chili. The experiment was first tried when all the able-bodied men were engaged in the war with Peru, and so satisfactory were the new conductors, to both the company and the citizens, that they have continued to fill these positions ever since.

Valparaiso has a population of less than 200,000. Not a great city in point of numbers, nevertheless a city where one sees many indications of progress and prosperity. Of palatial homes there are many and buildings with splendidly designed facades. For Valparaiso is the chief seaport of Chili. Banks, warehouses, merchants' establishments greet one on every hand.

But the most striking feature of the place is its English aspect. You hear English spoken on every side. There are English signboards on the hotels; English ships in the harbour; English shop-keepers at the counters. A group of English girls stand gazing out across the blue bay. Take the English and Germans out of Chili and —well, that is a phase of life the Chilians would rather not have mentioned. The "foreign element" in the cities of North America—what a different suggestion the words brought to our mind! But here in South America the foreign element was the one to us most familiar.

We stood that evening at sunset on one of the many quays that line the crescent-shaped harbour, and watched the passengers coming ashore in small boats from the mole. This mole is known as the Muelle Fiscal, and is provided with excellent hydraulic machinery for hauling trucks, and working cranes. The mole is, however, unequal to the traffic of the port, and lighters have to be also used.

We had taken lodgings in an English hotel. Shortly after midnight I wakened with a start, the white moon staring me in the face through the window.

"Hist!"

"Malcolm! Awake, man? What was it?"

"Don't be so nervous, laddie. Nothing but a bit of an earthquake. These are common in Chili. Think of the ones we had in Japan."

And Malcolm turned over with a thud on the mattress, and sighed as if he had disposed of the subject.

Next day we were strolling about the monument of Arturo Prat when Malcolm suddenly missed a good umbrella he had been carrying rather loosely under his arm.

"Why—why—what's got my umbrella?"

"Oh, just a bit of a thief, old man. They're common in Chili. Think of the ones we had in China."

Malcolm was not in his usual brotherly mood for the next half-hour after my unsympathetic treatment.

For the most part Chili is too well provided with modern improvements to afford much of the unusual for the pencil of the artist or the pen of the scribe. One scene, however, I seized with great avidity. It was the oddity known as a milk-station. Every few blocks one sees a cow tied on a platform, and a neat aproned milk-maid beside her. The cow is milked to order, as a customer appears. On a table near by are measures, glasses, cans, and other like articles, as well as a supply of brandy. So that a customer may make his own milk punch if he wishes. When one cow is exhausted another is driven upon the platform. As in Lima, one sees the daily provisions, fruit, vegetables, etc., peddled about on the backs of donkeys. The heavy teaming is done by ox-carts.

We were not long in making our way to Santiago, the capital of Chili. It is considerably larger than Valparaiso.

It has the same evidences of improvement and progress. Though on the whole Chili is considerably behind Argentina, still she is much more progressive than Peru, and her financial credit is better than that of any other South American state.

Coming out of the Central Railway Station, at Santiago, we took a hackney-coach from the row in waiting and proceeded to the points of interest—the archbishop's palace and cathedral; the town hall; the governor's palace, the Calle Del Puenta, with its many shops and stalls; Santa Lucia, the famous wooded hill, with its magnificent panorama of mountain and city and plain.

We visited, too, the Cousino House, as a type of Chilian domestic architecture. But it was not a type of Chilian architecture, we found, at all. It was decidedly French. Senora, the mistress of the Cousino mansion, has had her halls and stairway decorated with representations of the four seasons, as they do not have them in South America. The house, both in design and furnishings, is French.

PLAZA MAYOR, LIMA.

handsome enough, to be sure, but not typical of Chili.

An evidence of the culture of the more favoured classes of Santiago is the presence of forty literary societies. The men and women of the upper classes are very well educated, and well-informed. But alas for the peones or lower classes! One divides the two classes easily enough standing on the great plaza watching the promenaders go by. Here come two finely-dressed ladies in Parisian customs. Just behind is a man wearing a striped poncho and a big panama hat. He is followed by two women with straight black hair and flat, moony faces. There is no confusing the white races and these peones. In speaking of them, Theodore Child says: "These latter are semi-Indians, who toil, get drunk, and multiply, have no morality to speak of, no fear of death, and in their present intellectual condition no marked tendencies to be dissatisfied with their lot.

"The Chilian peon loves his hut of mud and cane. His womenfolk, true to the blood of their Indian progenitors, disdain chairs, and delight only in squatting on the earth. And the peon and his wife alike prefer to buy of the squatting open-air dealers rather than to patronize a clean and well-arranged shop."

From this peon class come the miners of the country, and the stevedores, or porters, men noted for their strength and endurance. Keane believes the poverty of the lower classes in Chili to be without parallel in the whole world.

Confronting such conditions there are one British and five American missionary societies, the Valparaiso Bible Society, and a Swiss missionary society. The Methodists, whose workers are most numerous, have one of the most prosperous missions on the South American continent. They have from the beginning inculcated principles of self-support. The Presbyterians, who were the first Protestant workers to enter the land, now work from six centres. In 1883, the Young Men's Christian Association entered the field. They are spending their enthusiasm among the Araucanian Indians, and not without results. The Canadian mem-

bers of the Association are instructing the Indians in farming, carpentering, and such useful arts. From all we could see the Indians were proving themselves apt pupils. In every land we visited we became more and more convinced of the grand results of missionary effort. We have seen no other investment bringing in such returns for God and men.

It is interesting to note something of the government of Chili. It is, in plain words, a republican despotism. The president directs the whole machinery. He is elected every five years, and is not eligible for re-election, except after an interval of one term. He conducts affairs through six ministers chosen by himself, and a Council of State of eleven members, six elected by Congress and five appointed by himself. He appoints and removes at will the governors of provinces and departments, who, in their turn, appoint the sub-officers.

The Congress is composed of a Chamber of Deputies, elected directly by the departments, one deputy representing every 30,000 people. There is also a Senate elected by the popular vote, one senator to every three deputies. Every citizen is entitled to a vote who can read or write, who earns $150 or upward a year, and who is twenty-one years of age if married, and twenty-five if single.

Altogether our memories of Chili are mostly pleasing. They had comfortable hotels, even in the country places. The country was interesting, the people interesting, the climate beautiful. But we cannot say we would ever choose it as a permanent dwelling-place. It is a Spanish country, under the cloud of lethargy that broods over all Spanish colonies. The "foreign, or Anglo-Saxon, element," against which we were continually rubbing, only served to remind us of the merits of the land whence we came.

## 'TWAS NIGHT WHEN THE LORD WAS BORN.

BY ALFRED J. HOUGH.

It was not in the glow of the noontide high
  Or the tender grace of morn;
But shadows were over the earth and sky—
  'Twas night when the Lord was born.

This is ever the way God moulds His deeds,
  In silence and out of sight:
They hide in the dark like the precious seeds,
  Then suddenly rise in light.

So wherever a night with shadowy wing
  Folds darkly o'er our way,
We must listen to hear God's angels sing,
  And watch for the dawning day.

Let us say when we sit in darkness long,
  With an aching heart forlorn,
"It was night when the angels sang their song,
  'Twas night when the Lord was born."

For all the glad days that have rolled in light
  Since the first glad day had birth,
Were not half so bright as the one dark night
  When the Saviour came to earth.

And at last we shall own in the heavenly clime,
  With a finished life in view,
That our darkest nights in the path of time
  Were the brightest days we knew.

# DANTE.

BY THE LATE DEAN FARRAR, D.D.

DANTE was born in 1265, in the small room of a small house in Florence, still pointed out as the Casa di Dante. His father, Aldighieri, was a lawyer, and belonged to the humbler class of burgher-nobles. The family seems to have changed its name into Alighieri, "the wing-bearers," at a later time, in accordance with the beautiful coat of arms which they adopted—a wing in an azure field. Dante was a devout, beautiful, precocious boy, and when he was only nine years old a new life began for him, and his susceptible soul caught a touch of "phantasy and flame" from the sight of Beatrice, daughter of Folco de Portinari, whom he saw clad in crimson for a festa. From that day the fair girl, with her rosy cheeks, and golden hair, and blue eyes, became to the dreamy boy a vision of angelic beauty, an ideal of saintly purity and truth.

But while he cherished this inward love he continued to study under his master, Brunetto Latini, and acquired not only all the best learning, but also all the most brilliant accomplishments of his day. He had never breathed a word of his love to Beatrice; it was of the unselfish, adoring, chivalrous type, which was content to worship in silence. Beatrice was wedded to another, and shortly afterwards, in 1289, she died. So far from causing to Dante any self-reproach, he regarded his love for her as the most ennobling and purifying influence of his life—a sort of moral regeneration. Beatrice became to him the type of Theology and Heavenly Truth. Nor did his love in any way interfere with the studies or activities of his life.

STATUE OF DANTE, FLORENCE.

His sonnets early gained him fame as a poet, and the lovely portrait of him—painted by Giotto, on the walls of the Bargello, at the age of twenty-four, side by side with Brunetto Latini and Corso Donati, and holding in his hand a pomegranate, the mystic type of good works—shows that he was already a man of distinction, and a favourite in the upper classes of Florentine society. He began to take an active part in politics, and in 1295 was formally enrolled in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries. On June 11th, 1289, he fought as a volunteer in the battle of Campaldino.

Amid these scenes of ambition and warfare he fell away for a time

from his holiest aspirations. From theology he turned to purely human and materialist philosophy; from an ideal of pure love to earthlier defilements. It was perhaps with a desire to aid himself in the struggle against life's temptations that he seems to have become a member of the Tertiary Order of St. Francis of Assisi, for whom he had a passionate admiration. The Tertiaries did not abandon the secular life, but wore the cord of the order, and pledged themselves to lives of sanctity and devotion. Legend says that by his own desire he was buried in the dress of a Franciscan Tertiary. Yet there is evidence that he felt the inefficacy of any external bond. Experience taught him that the serge robe and the binding cord might only be the concealment of the hypocrite, and that they were worse than valueless without the purification of the heart. In the eighth circle of the Inferno he sees the givers of evil counsel, and among them Guido da Montefeltro, who towards the close of his life had become a Cordelier or Franciscan Friar, hoping to make atonement for his sins. But tempted by Boniface VIII. with a promise of futile absolution, he gave him advice to take the town of Palestrina by "long promises and scant fulfilments." Trusting in the Pope's absolution, and not in the Law of God, he was one of those who—

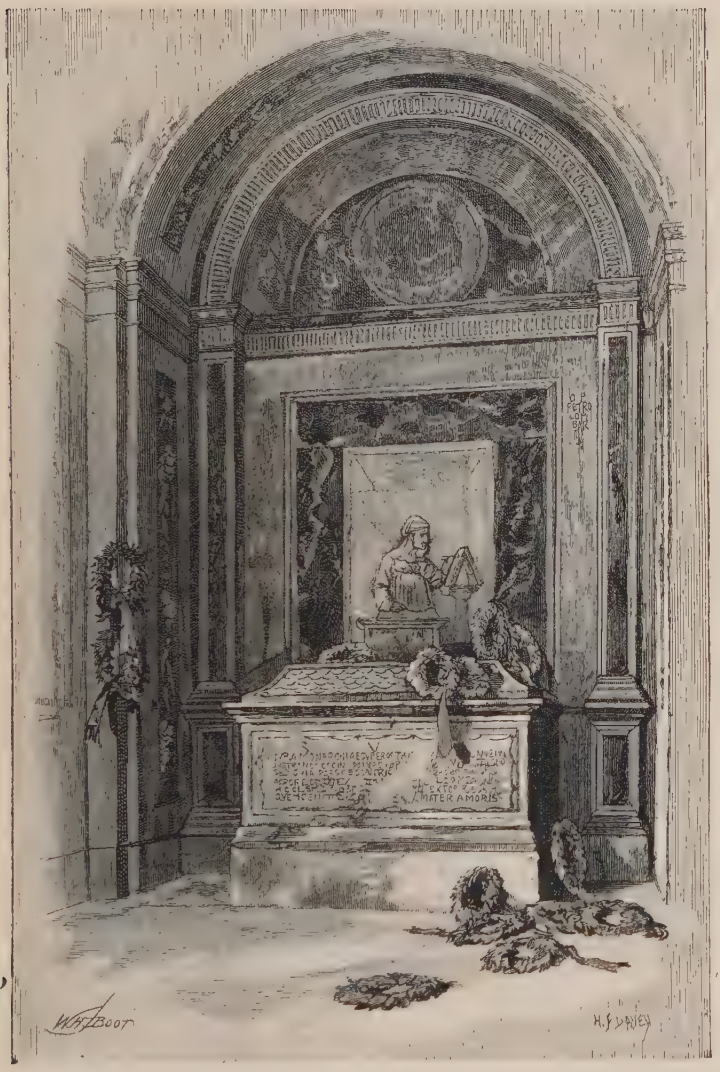
> Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,

and believed that St. Francis would draw him up by his cord even from the pit of hell. But when he dies, though St. Francis comes to take him, one of the Black Cherubim of hell seizes and claims him, truly urging that absolution for an intended sin is a contradiction in terms, since absolution assumes penitence.

Again, among the hypocrites in his vision of hell, Dante sees men approach in dazzling cloaks, of which the hoods cover their eyes and face, like those worn by the monks of Cologne; but he finds that they are crushing weights of gilded lead—splendid semblance and agonising, destroying reality. Again, when the two poets, Dante and Virgil, come to the Abyss of Evil-pits (Malebolge), down which the crimson stream of Phlegethon leaps in "a Niagara of blood," he is on the edge of the Circle of Fraud in all its varieties, down which they are to be carried on the back of Geryon, the triple-bodied serpent-monster, who is the type of all human and demonic falsity. And how is that monster to be evoked from the depth? Dante is bidden to take off the cord which girds him—the cord with which he had endeavoured in old days to bind the spotted panther of sensual temptation—and to fling it into the void profound. He does so, and the monster, type of the brutal and the human in our nature when both are false, comes swimming and circling up from below. "The outward form"—symbolized by the cord—"when associated with unreality, only attracts the worst symbol of unreality."

Once more, ere he begins to climb the steep terraces of the hill of Purgatory and true repentance, he has to be girt with a far different cord, even with a humble rush, the only plant which—because it bows to the billows and the wind—will grow among the beating waves of the sea which surrounds the mountain of Purgatory. That cord of rush is the type not of outward profession, but of humble sincerity.

Dante, in his characteristic way, does not pause to explain any of these symbols to us. He leaves them to our own thoughts; but




TOMB OF DANTE, RAVENNA.

they all point to the one great lesson that God needs not the service of externalism, but the preparation of the heart.

In 1292, probably at the wish of his friends, Dante married Gemma Donati. She bore him seven children in seven years, and there is nothing to show that she was not a true and faithful wife to him, though it is quite probable, from his absolute silence respecting her, that the deepest grounds of sympathy hardly existed between them.

About the time of his marriage he plunged more earnestly into politics, and became one of the Priori of Florence. He felt himself that a change, and a change for the worse, had passed over his life.

It was no longer so pure, so simple, so devout as it once had been. In the year 1300, the year of the Great Jubilee which had been preached by Pope Boniface VIII., he was in the mid-path of life, and was lost, as he allegorically describes it at the beginning of the "Inferno," in a wild and savage wood. He was hindered from ascending the sunny hill of heavenly aims by the speckled panther of sensuality, the gaunt, grey wolf of avaricious selfishness, and the fierce lion of wrath and ambitious pride. But he was restored to hope and effort by a vision of Beatrice, which seems to have come to him before his Easter Communion, and fixed in his mind the purpose of writing about Beatrice—in her ideal aspect of Divine Truth—"what never was writ of woman."

As a statesman, Dante, like most of the Florentines, was at this time a Guelph, and an adherent of the Papal party, though in later years he became, by mature conviction, a Ghibelline, and placed his hopes for Italy in the intervention of the Emperor. The disputes between the Guelphs and Ghibellines were complicated by the party factions of Neri and Bianchi, and by the influence of Dante the leaders of both factions were banished from the city, and among them his dearest friend, Guido Cavalcanti. At this time Pope Boniface encouraged Charles of Valois to enter Florence with an army. Dante resisted the proposal, and was sent as an ambassador to Rome. During his absence a decree of banishment was passed upon him. The Neri faction triumphed. The house of Dante was sacked and burnt. He never saw Florence more.

The news of his sentence reached him in Siena, in April, 1302, and from that time began the last sad phases of his life, the long, slow agony of his exile and bitter disappointment. Disillusioned, separated from his wife, his children, the city of his love, he wandered from city to city, disgusted with the baseness alike of Guelphs and Ghibellines, feeling how salt is the bread of exile, and how hard it is to climb another's stairs. "Alas," he says, "I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wounds with which fortune hath smitten me. I have indeed been a vessel without sail and without rudder, carried to divers shores by the dry wind that springs from poverty."

In 1316 he did indeed receive from ungrateful Florence an offer of return, but on the unworthy conditions that he should pay a fine, and publicly acknowledge his criminality. He scorned such recompense of his innocence after having suffered exile for well-nigh three lustres. "If," he wrote, "by no honourable way can entrance be found into Florence, there will I never enter. What! Can I not from every corner of the earth behold the sun and the stars? Can I not under every climate of heaven meditate the sweetest truths, except I first make myself a man of ignominy in the face of Florence?"

Looking merely at outward success, men would have called the life of Dante a failure, and his career a blighted career. But his misery was the condition of his immortal greatness. He endured for many a year the insults of the foolish and the company of the base, and on earth he did not find the peace for which his heart so sorely yearned. He died in 1321, at the age of fifty-six, of a broken heart, and lies, not at the Florence which he loved, but at Ravenna, near the now blighted pine woods, on the bleak Adrian shore. But if he lost himself he found himself. He

achieved his true greatness, not among the bloody squabbles of political intrigue, but in the achievement of his great works, and above all of that Divine Comedy, which was "the imperishable monument of his love of Beatrice, now identified with Divine Philosophy—his final gift to humanity, and offering to God."

On the consummate greatness of that poem as the one full and perfect voice of many silent centuries, I can, of course, only touch, for it would require a volume to elucidate its many-sided significance. It is not one thing, but many things. In one aspect it is an autobiography as faithful as those of St. Augustine or of Rousseau, though transcendently purer and greater. It is a vision like the "Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan, but written with incomparably wider knowledge and keener insight. It is a soul's history like Goethe's "Faust," but attaining to a far loftier level of faith and thoughtfulness and moral elevation. It is a divine poem like Milton's "Paradise Lost," dealing, as Milton does, with God and Satan, and heaven and hell—but of wider range and intenser utterance.

With the plays of Shakespeare, in their oceanic and myriad-minded variety, it can hardly be compared, because it originated under conditions so widely different, and was developed in an environment so strangely dissimilar. It is, moreover, one poem, while they form a multitude of dramas. But few would hesitate to admit that in reading Dante we are face to face with a soul, if less gifted yet less earthly than that of Shakespeare; a soul which "was like a star and dwelt apart"—

> "Soul awful, if this world has ever held
> An awful soul."

CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARE, RAVENNA.

I would urge all who are unacquainted with Dante to read, or rather to study, him at once. They could study no more ennobling teacher. If they are unfamiliar with Italian, they may read the faithful prose versions of the "Inferno" by John Carlyle, of the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" by A. J. Butler; or the translations by Cary in blank verse, and the Dean of Wells in *terza rima.* If they desire to begin with some general introduction, they may read the fine essays by Dean Church and Mr. Lowell (in "Among my Books"), and the excellent "Shadow of

Dante" by Maria Rosetti. To such books, or to those of Mrs. Oliphant and others, I must refer the reader for all details respecting the structure of the poem which he called the Divine Comedy. The name "Comedy" must not mislead any one. The poem is far too stately, intense, and terrible for humour of any kind. It was only called "Commedia" partly because it ends happily, and partly because it is written in a simple style, and in the vernacular Italian; not, as was then the almost universal custom for serious works, in Latin. The name "Divina" is meant to indicate its solemnity and sacredness.

Many are unable to apprehend the greatness of the Divine Comedy. Voltaire called the "Inferno" revolting, the "Purgatorio" dull, and the "Paradiso" unreadable. The reason is because they are not rightly attuned for the acceptance of the great truths which the poem teaches, and because they look at it from a wholly mistaken standpoint. If any one supposes that the "Inferno," for instance, is meant for a burning torture-chamber of endless torments and horrible vivisection, he entirely misses the central meaning of the poem as Dante himself explained it. For he said that it was not so much meant to foreshadow the state of souls after death—although on that subject he accepted, without attempting wholly to shake them off, the horrors which, in theory, formed part of mediæval Catholicism—but rather "man, as rendering himself liable by the exercise of free-will to the rewards and punishments of justice."

The hell of Dante is the hell of self; the hell of a soul which has not God in all its thoughts; the hell of final impenitence, of sin cursed by the exclusive possession of sin. It is a hell which exists no less in this world than in the next; just as his Purgatory reflects the mingled joy and anguish of true repentance, and his Heaven is the eternal peace of God, which men can possess here and now, and which the world can neither give nor take away. In other words, hell is not an obscene and material slaughter-house, but the Gehenna of evil deliberately chosen; and heaven is not a pagoda of jewels, but the Presence and the Light of God.

Hence the Divine Comedy belongs to all time and to all place. While it supremely sums up the particular form assumed by the religion of the Middle Ages, it contains the eternal elements of all true religion in the life history of a soul, redeemed from sin and error, from lust and wrath and greed, and restored to the right path by the reason and the grace which enable it to see the things that are, and to see them as they are. The "Inferno," as has been said elsewhere, is the history of a soul descending through lower and lower stages of selfwill till it sinks at last into those icy depths of Cocytus, wherein the soul is utterly emptied of God, and utterly filled with the loathly emptiness of self; the Purgatory is the history of the soul as it is gradually purged from sin and self, by effort, and penitence, and hope; the Paradise is the soul entirely filled with the fulness of God.

The moral truths in which the great poem abounds are numberless, and of infinite interest. On these I cannot dwell, for to him who penetrates to the inner meaning of the allegory they are found on every page. But I may point out one or two supreme lessons which run throughout the teaching.

One is the lesson that like makes

like—the lesson of modification by environment. We know how in Norfolk Island the convicts often degenerated almost into fiends because they associated with natures which had made themselves fiend-like and were cut off from gentle, wholesome, and inspiring influences.

So it is in Dante's "Inferno." His evil men and seducers wax ever worse and worse because they have none around them save souls lost like their own. There is no brightening touch in the "Inferno." The name of Christ is never mentioned in its polluted air. The only angel who appears in it is not one of the radiant Sympathies, with fair golden heads and dazzling faces, and wings and robes of tender green of the Purgatory; not one of the living topazes or golden splendours of the Paradise; but is stern, disdainful, silent, waving from before his face all contact with the filthy gloom. His Lucifer is no flickering, gentlemanly, philosophic man of the world like Goethe's Mephistopheles;—nor like Milton's Fallen Cherub, whose

> "Form had not yet lost
> All her original brightness, nor appeared
> Less than Archangel ruined, or excess
> Of glory obscured";—

but is a three-headed monster of loathly ugliness, with faces yellow with envy, crimson with rage, and black with ignorance; not haughty, splendid, defiant, but foul and loathly as sin itself.

Another fundamental principle with Dante is that expressed in the Book of Wisdom, that wherewithal a man sinneth therewith shall he be also punished. The allegoric torments of his sinners are never arbitrary, but always, so to speak, the material reflection of their iniquities. Their own vices embodied in material form are the scorpion-whips of their chastisement. The flakes of fire which rain in hellish storm on his sensual offenders are but the concrete realization of their own scorching and self-consuming desires. The gluttons prostrate in the slush are but fulfilling the olden curse upon the serpent: "Upon thy belly shalt thou go and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." The foul pitch underneath which his misers are plunged, and which ever seems to seethe and bubble, is but the greed of avarice—gains basely gotten and meanly amassed, which blacken the soul, and fill it with excitement and depression. And how strikingly is the same principle illustrated in the punishment of those facing-both-ways trimmers, those Laodicean neither-one-thing-nor-the-other neutrals, at once cowardly and paltry—caitiffs whom Heaven despises, whom even hell spurns forth as unworthy—who are swept round and round, following in aimless gyrations the fluttering of the sooty flag of Acheron—those "who through meanness of soul have made the great refusal." And what is all this but a continuous illustration of Milton—

> "Which way shall I fly
> Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
> Which way I fly is hell, *myself am hell*,
> And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
> Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
> To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

Or again—

> "The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
> What matter where if I be still the same?"

Or again, Marlowe's—

> "Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
> In one self-place; but where we are is hell;
> And where hell is, there must we ever be,
> And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
> And every creature shall be purified.
> All places shall be hell that are not heaven."

Or once more, the famous verse of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam—

> "I sent my soul through the invisible,

The secrets of that other world to tell,
And by and by my soul came back to me,
And answered 'I myself am heaven or hell.'"

Of the Purgatory and the Paradise we have only space to add very few words.

The Purgatory, like the "Inferno," is the history of a process—the process of purification from the seven deadly sins. Sin is, throughout, regarded as the love of what ought not to be loved. For instance, on the first three ascending terraces we see souls purged of perverted love, of love misplaced—Pride, the love of self; envy, and anger, the love of that which injures others. On the fourth terrace is punished the sin of moral sloth, which indicates the defect of love; and on the three topmost terraces the excess of love misplaced—namely, Avarice, Gluttony, and Impurity. And here on every terrace the punishment is the exact opposite of the sin, inasmuch as it is not consequential but remedial, not the harvest of sin, but its healing medicine. And throughout the book there run two dominant convictions: (1) One of these is that Punishment is blessed. The sense of shame provokes to effort, and the sense of justice is tempered with Hope, so that they who endure the penalties of Purgatory are contented even in the fire. The great Italian felt no less than our English poet that—

"Hearts which verily repent
Are burdened with impunity
And comforted by chastisement;
That punishment is best to bear
Which follows soonest on the sin,
And guilt's a game whose losers fare
Better than those who seem to win."

(2) The other continuous thought is that the cleansing from sin is effected by the substitution of good for evil, and that, therefore, as good grows in the soul the punishment becomes ever lighter and lighter as time goes on. The reader who desires a modern and English illustration of these conceptions will find it in the fine poem of Cardinal Newman—"The Dream of Gerontius."

I can say but very few words on the Paradise, though to Dante students the poem is usually the best loved, and is regarded as the greatest of the three divisions. I will here only point to two formative principles by which it is permeated. One is that there are no rivalries, competitions, jealousies, and discontents in heaven. The lowest there are in their measure as happy as the highest, because each is happy to the utmost extent of his spiritual capacity. "Tell me," Dante asks Piccarda, in the third canto—

"'Tell me, ye who here are happy made,
Do ye desire to gain a loftier place,
To see more, make more friends?' With many a shade
That near her stood, she first, with smiling face,
Looked on me, then made answer with such joy,
She seemed to glow with fire of love's first grace:
'Brother, the might of Love gives such employ
To our desires, that it can make us will
Just what we have, unmixed with thirst's alloy.
If we desired to pass on higher still
Then our desires would be at variance found
With His, who bids us here His mansion fill.
. . . . . .
Full clearly then her words to me did prove
How everywhere in Heaven is Paradise,
Though not on all alike God's grace pours love.'"

The other constant thought is that God is our sole peace and joy. "This is life eternal" or, as it stood in the Vulgate, "this is true beatitude"—that they may know Thee the only God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. It is the thought of which St. Augustine is so full, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless, till they find rest in Thee."—*Sunday Magazine.*

# THE STORY OF THE FRIESLAND PRINCESS.

BY THE REV. G. D. MATHEWS, D.D.

EVERY visitor to Holland looks with amused curiosity on the singular head-dress that is so generally worn by the ladies and humbler women of that country. This consists of a pure gold—or, in cases of extreme poverty, a silver—close-fitting skull-cap of metal. This is covered by a cap of lace, through whose interstices the gold or silver gleams with a peculiar brightness. It is worn by ladies of high degree, and we have seen it worn by those who solicited alms. The presence of the costly head-dress was never an object of remark, whether the alms were given or refused. That was the national—but, mainly and distinctively, the Friesland—head-dress of women, worn in summer and in winter, worn at the cost of a woman's beautiful hair, which has always to be cut off, worn from early childhood till the grave closes the scene, and then the cap of the mother is treasured as a family heirloom, belonging of right to the eldest daughter.

But how did so singular a dress ever come into existence, and why should it be so cherished as—despite all its discomforts—to be worn to-day, when Paris fashions contend for acceptance? Let us tell.

A DUTCH PEASANT.*

Centuries ago, Holland, and especially Friesland, was heathen in its religion, though Christianity was making itself known on the borders of the land. The heathen priests threatened death against any who should abandon their ancestral worship, and attach themselves to this new religion. The king, a fierce, warlike soldier, very successful as a warrior, was the servant of the priests and proclaimed death against whoever would accept the Christian doctrine. Still, the missionaries entered the land in various disguises and told the great story to men and women, whose hearts, made glad by the tidings of "a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," led them to become disciples, "though secretly, for fear of" the king.

At length, the tide of the king's triumphs seemed to turn. Expedi-

* In the figure given here, the gold cap can be easily seen slightly covered at the back by a lace cap, in order to lessen the heat of the sun on the head, and also to soften the glare of the metal. This lace often covers the whole head, and may, as in the figure above, hang gracefully down to the neck of the wearer, forming a quaint yet most pleasing headdress, though nearly concealing the gold cap which is worn beneath, and is the pride of a Friesland woman, whether rich or poor.

tion after expedition was foiled, and the defeated soldiers came back ashamed. Furious at these losses, the king called on the priests to account for them, when these promised that they would explain all, if he would gather a great assembly of his officers and generals with their families, including his own. When the meeting was held, the high-priest came forward, and recalling that the king had forbidden any of his subjects to offend the gods by accepting the Christian doctrine, said that some of them had done so, and hence the gods were angry, while there would be no more successes for their troops unless that evil were purged away. The king, flaming with passion, demanded to know who where these disobedient subjects, these traitors, whose conduct had brought such losses on their country, and repeating his determination to put all such to death, demanded of the priests that they tell him their names. Speaking slowly, the high-priest said : "The leader of this apostasy sits beside you ; your own daughter has become a Christian."

At once the king ordered his daughter to give up her Christian faith, and to worship as formerly the gods of her country. When the princess persistently refused to do so, and indicated her readiness to die, her father said : "No, you shall not die ; you shall live, but since that Jesus of whom you speak wore, as you tell us, a crown of thorns, I will give you also a crown to wear," and instantly ordered the smith to make a crown of sharp iron spikes twisted together into a circle. This he put on his daughter's head, crushing it down so that it tore the flesh till the blood streamed down her cheeks. The princess still remaining faithful, she was ordered from the king's presence, but the iron chaplet was to be worn day and night. For many a year the princess endured the great suffering of the spikes, but nothing affected her determination to remain a Christian.

In the meantime, there was no improvement in the fortunes of the king. Battle after battle was lost, and the existence of his land was threatened by the successes of neighbouring chieftains. At length, brought very low, the king bethought himself of his daughter's God, and in despair, called on Him for help, ranging himself among His followers. Success soon began to flow in upon him. His faith became stronger as he saw the evidences of Divine help ; and at length, when peace was restored to his land, and his throne once more in safety, he sent for his daughter to attend a great assembly of his chiefs. There he recalled the past, and his treatment of her that stood before them, wearing still the crown of spikes ; then, speaking to his daughter, he added : "I also am now a Christian. In my ignorance and sin, I put that iron crown on your head. I can never, never, efface those scars and marks, but I will take that off, and cover those bleeding marks with gold, that all my people may know the steadfastness of my daughter in the faith of Christ."

Such of the Friesland women as were Christians at once adopted that head-covering to show that they also were on the side of Christ ; and since that period all wear the golden cap, in memory of the princess who had been so faithful to her Christian profession.—*Sunday at Home.*

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"What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb.

"If I were a wise man
I would do my part,
Yet what I can I give Him,
Give Him my heart."

# THE CORONATION OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HARRISON.

HE vanishing from the world's stage during the past fifty years of so many gifted and brilliant men has frequently been the subject of special remark and regret. The disappearance of such a constellation from the heavens of our poor human world has by some been regarded as a sore calamity, and many are the lamentations which have found expression, especially in the realms to which those supreme spirits belonged. The sadness of the bereavement is all the keener and deeper from the fact that few of all the splendid lights gone out have found any worthy successors to fill the vast spaces they have left behind. The mantles dropped by the great orators, musicians, painters, poets, epoch-making scientists, singers, preachers, and by the men of royal imagination whose creations rouse and hold as if by some magic and masterly charm, lie unclaimed, and it is certain that the world has passed through the portals of the new century with a singular absence of men of commanding genius in any of the spheres so richly illuminated in different periods of the past. The regrets that reach us through many voices on the removal of so many of earth's favoured sons may be well founded; but while we respect the convictions of men who bemoan the disappearance of the magnificent we do not in any great measure share them. For especial reasons we gladly welcome this distinct parenthesis in the annals of the great and the sublime.

The closing of the gates through which processions of brilliant personalities have passed has been the occasion for the opening of wide doors of opportunity for the middling man to show that in this dull dress of commonplace qualifications there is enshrined a man, a mighty factor, an unheralded sovereign, with mandates, authorities, empires all his own. The average man at last has made his advent, and from the present outlook he has come to stay. Too long he has been kept in the shade by the dazzling brightness of a few royally gifted men. Unappreciated, unhonoured, the brother of the ordinary talents marches to the front and no command of any proud Cæsar can force him back to the bitter humiliation of former days. Socially, politically, mentally, religiously, the average, or middling man has risen, as if by some grand instinct of the new age, to a throne of power. This enfranchisement of the commonplace mortal which enables him to stand up in God's world in his full independent individuality, taking a full, unfettered breath every time, is an achievement in the development of humanity which ought to inspire our deepest gratitude.

But why should the disappearance of so many splendid figures from the active forces of the world furnish a subject rather for quiet congratulation than for moaning regrets? For the simple reason that the middling man may demonstrate the merits and powers

that are his and that in due time he may secure his proper place in the direction and government of the world. The average individual is by far the most numerous type in the world's population of this and every age. The genius, the magnificently endowed, and the rank which falls below the ordinary are the extremes and exceptions of mankind. They constitute the outskirts, the capes and promontories of the race, but the great continent of human existence lies between and is made up of men of ordinary powers. The true strength and real life of the planet is not found in the exceptional climes, the arctic frost or torrid heat, but in temperate lands we find the realm where the grape ripens and the wheat turns yellow in the constant sun. So in the temperate zone of mankind we find the most productive and most reliable source of those forces upon which the world depends for the actualization of its highest aims.

It is also a fact more apparent now than in any other time that by far the largest amount of work, both in the Church and in the world, is being done by the middling or average man. Goethe has said that God chose the Jew above all others for his toughness, and it would appear that this quality of endurance is possessed by the commonplace mortal in a larger degree than in the other extremes of human life, and this power for holding on to purpose and immense undertakings is a great factor in all the achievements which are pushing the race onward and upward. And what a splendid faculty for common interest and co-operation is enjoyed by the type of man which sums up such a vast majority of earth's population to-day! The richly gifted, by the very nature of things, are isolated from their fellows. So mighty has the average man become that he possesses a power which means panic or progress in all the great realms which make up the age in which we live. And it is evident that this rising force is the real sovereign which is to rule the twentieth century as commander and dictator of the future destinies of mankind. Carlyle concludes his *Past and Present* with ringing words as he sees the great army of industry, and the gradual lifting of the vast central mass of mankind into power. With sturdy eloquence he exclaims: "This enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned host is marching to subdue chaos and make this old world worthier of God and more fit for man."—*Methodist Review.*

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## CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.

Not to Jerusalem's palm-welcomed King,
Not to the Man reviled on Calvary's height,
Not to the risen God my heart doth lift
In wondering awe to-night:

But to the Baby, shut from Bethlehem's Inn,
About whose feet the wise, dumb creatures pressed,—
The downy head, the little nestling hands,
On Mary's breast.

There were so many ways Thou couldst have come,—
Lord of incarnate life and form Thou art,
That Thou shouldst choose to be a helpless Babe
Held to a woman's heart,

Doth seem Thy tenderest miracle of love;
For this more wondrous than Love sacrificed,
All women, till the utmost stars grow dim,
Must love Thee, Christ!

—*The Century.*

# A CHRISTMAS CONFESSION.

BY AGNES M'CLELLAND DAULTON.

THE town of Philamaclique lay wrapped softly in snow. The trees arching the wide streets swayed in the stinging winter wind and silently dropped their white plumes upon the head of the occasional pedestrian. Over the old town peace brooded. The snow deadened the passing footsteps; the runners of the rude sleds, the hoofs of the farm horses, made no sound; sleepy quiet prevailed but for the rare jingle of sleigh-bells or the gay calling of children's voices.

The rollicking morning sun, having set the town a-glitter without adding a hint of warmth, smiled broadly as he peeped into the snowy-curtained window of a little red brick house on the north side of High Street. Here in the quaint, low sitting-room he found good cheer a-plenty. The red geraniums on the window-sill, the worn but comfortable furniture, the crackling wood fire upon the hearth, the dozing cat upon the hearth rug, even the creaking of the rocking-chairs, whispered of warmth and rest and homeliness.

"So I just run over to tell you, seein' the snow was too deep for you to get out to prayer-meetin'," wheezed Mrs. Keel, blinking at the sun and creaking heavily back and forth in the old rush-bottomed rocker. "Says I to Joel at breakfast, 'Granny Simmers will be pleased as Punch, for she always did love a frolic, so I'll just run over and tell her while Mellie is washin' the dishes and I'm waitin' for the bread to raise.'"

"It was real kind of you, Sister Keel, with your asthmy an' rheumatiz," quavered Granny, folding her checked breakfast shawl more closely about her slender shoulders, as she sat excitedly poised like a little gray bird on the edge of her chair. "Jest to think of us Methodists havin' a Christmas-tree after all these years. My! how I wish it had come in John's time! I remember once, when we was livin' out on the farm, says he to me, 'Polly, if the preacher says we'll have a tree this year, you and me'll hitch up Dolly an' go to town an' buy a gif' fer every man, woman, an' child.' Dolly was our bay buggy-beast, an' the best mare in the neighbourhood, so John was as choice of her as he was of me a'most, an' that was a deal for him to offer."

"Law, Granny, how well I remember him and you ridin' so happy in that little green wicker sleigh!" exclaimed Mrs. Keel, as she ponderously drew herself from the deeps of her chair. "I must be goin' now. It was awful nice of Brother Sutton to decide for the Christmas-tree when he found the infant class was achin' for it. His face was beamin' last night like a seryphim. The children are about wild; Emmie says she wants a pony; guess we'd have some trouble hangin' that on the tree! Mart wants a gold watch and chain, and Billy says marbles and a gun is good enough for him; but I reckon they'll all take what they can get. Joel said this mornin' he's afraid there'll be lots of achin' hearts. There is them little Cotties—who's a-goin' to give to them, and the Jacksons, and old Miss Nellie, and Widow Theat. I don't see how the Millers can do much for Tessie; and poor old Sister Biddle, says she to me last night as we was comin' out, says she, 'It'll be awful sweet to hear Brother Knisley readin' out, 'Mis' Sally Biddle!' seems 'most as if I couldn't stand it, it'll be so sweet. I ain't had a Christmas gif' since Biddle was courtin' me sixty years ago.' The poor old body was just chucklin' over it; but who's goin' to give her anything, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, my me!" sighed Granny, clasping her little wrinkled hands wistfully as she stood at the open door. "I ain't thought of the gif's. It was the lights, and the candles a-twinklin', an' the music, an' the children most bustin' with gladness and wishes. Land! when I was a little girl, how I used to wish we was Moravians; they was always havin' trees, or candle feasts, or children's feasts, or Easterin's, an' us Methodists didn't have no excitement

'cept revivals. Law me, what am I sayin'!" she broke off with a chuckle. "As if I didn't thank the Lord every night for makin' me a Methodist bred, a Methodist born, a Methodist till I die. It's the children I'm thinkin' about."

Mrs. Keel laughed and held up a fat reproving finger as she called from the gate:

"I guess you ain't growed up yourself, Granny, for all your eighty years. I've said to Joel often, says I. 'There ain't a child in this town that is younger at heart than Granny Simmers,' and says he, 'Ner a child that's sweeter ner prettier!"

"My me!" whispered Granny, as she closed the door, her soft wrinkled cheeks delicately flushed at the unexpected compliment. "John said I'd never git over bein' a girl, an' here I be blushin' like a fool 'cause old Joel Keel says I ain't bad-lookin'."

There was much bustling going on in the trim little "brick" that morning. Martha Morris, Granny's "help," had never known her mistress to be so concerned about the crispness of the pepper-cakes, the spiciness of the pig and horse ginger cookies, the brownness of the twisted doughnuts, or the flakiness of the mince pies that were resting by noon in savoury richness on the pantry shelf. Then, when dinner was over and the dishes washed, Granny demanded that she herself be taken in hand.

"Law, Granny, you ain't goin' up town in such a snow as this!" protested Martha, as she lovingly tucked the thin white hair under the velvet cap and folded the kerchief about her neck.

"Indeed I am, Martha," replied Granny with prompt decision. "The sun is shinin' grand, an' Billy Sharp went along with the snow-plough while you was washin' the dishes. Just wrap me up warm an' I'll get along first rate."

"Better let me go, too," argued Martha, as she pinned Granny's "Bay State" firmly under her chin with the big glass brooch with its precious lock of gray hair safely inclosed, and tied her nubia over her cap. "You might slip and fall. I won't feel safe one minute till you are back home."

"Land, Martha! every born soul knows me. Ain't I Granny to the hull town, for all I ain't got a chick ner a child? My me! it's sixty years since John an' me laid 'Rastus away; fifty since little Mary, her father's darlin', slipped off to heaven. Seems like my old heart goes out in love to everybody 'count of them three, John and my two babies, waitin' for me in one of the Father's mansions. Hope there's a chimbly corner—John always loved it so on a winter's night; an' I hope there's roses growin' by the doorstep, so it will seem like home to 'em all; an', Marthy, if I fall there ain't a soul but would be ready to pick me up, an' they ain't a man but's got a kind word an' a smile for me, bless 'em! I jest wonder sometimes how it comes everybody is so kind an' good. It's a lovely world, that's what it is."

"Now," said Granny to herself, as she teetered along on the icy walk toward the busy stores, "John said a gif' for every man, woman, an' child. Guess I can remember the hull lot, as there's only six men an' I've got the women writ down; an' for the children, well, I'll buy till my money gives out, an' I reckon I'll get enough. Kind of pitiful about Sister Biddle. My! what a dashin', lovely girl she was when I first see her at the Beals' apple-parin'! She was Sally Neely then, pretty as a picture, hair and eyes like jet, an' cheeks pink as roses, an' so tall an' slender. I recollect how she picked me up an' whirled me round; she was as light as a feather on her feet, an' said, 'Polly Whitehead, was there ever such a morsel of a girl as you are? If I was a man, I'd marry you 'fore night.' An' John said he said to himself she'd have had a hard time of it, for he made up his mind then an' there to have me himself. Yes, I'll get Sally Neely a red plush album an' put John's picture in it; she'd admire to get that."

Granny hesitated.

"Well, did you ever!" she gasped. "I ain't never thought of it before; who'll give anything to me, Polly Simmers? John would, dear John, but he's gone, an' I ain't got a blood akin in the town, an' they've all got such a lot to give to. Mebby I wouldn't mind much, but it—would—be kind of mortifyin' to be the only one forgot, for I'm bound they sha'n't be another soul left out. I wonder if I dare!"

. . . . . .

Long shafts of light from the bare, uncurtained windows of the old church

lay across the snow as the cracked bell jangled through the crisp air its Christmas greeting. The jingle of sleigh-bells, the creaking of the runners, merry voices, bits of song, gay laughter, united in a Christmas carol redolent with Christmas spirit —Peace on earth, good will to men.

Granny, leaning on Martha's strong arm, fairly shivered with excitement and delight. She knew that not a soul called by the clamour of that bell had been forgotten. There had been no need of stinting, for Granny's acres were broad and fruitful and her wants few. Gift after gift had her withered hands tied into pretty parcels. The pen had creaked and sputtered across the paper as she marked them, for she had refused all help from curious but loving Martha, only asking that there be a good fire made in the air-tight stove in the spare chamber. There she worked alone, but happy, Martha well knew, as she stood with her ear pressed to the crack of the door, having found the keyhole stopped with cotton.

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angels of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,"

quavered the old voice. And Martha never knew it was not Granny Simmers who sang so joyfully within, but pretty Polly Whitehead in the choir of the old meeting-house, looking on the same hymn-book with handsome young John Simmers, the catch of the valley.

"Just fairly takes my breath away," wheezed Mrs. Keel, meeting Granny at the door of the church. "Don't seem like the same place. Now ain't it pretty?"

Granny caught her breath.

Could this be the little church she knew so well? Before that altar she, a bride, had stood with John; there they had carried Baby 'Rastus and Mary for baptism; there the casket had rested that awful day when she had found herself alone.

A crude little sanctuary, always bare and cheerless to the beauty-loving eye, yet rich with tenderest memories to Granny; to-night, ablaze with lights, roped with greenery, gay with flags, joyful with the hum of merry voices, it seemed some new and unexplored fairyland. And there upon the rostrum in all its glory, tall, straight, and beautiful, twinkling with candles, festooned with strings of pop-corn and cranberries, glittering with tinsel stars and silver crowns, adorned with bobinet stockings cubby and knubby with candy and nuts, hung with packages big and little, stood the tree, the tree!

"Let me set down till I get my breath, Marthy," cackled Granny, excitedly. "Jest get my specks out of my pocket, will you, child? My, my? if only John an' 'Rastus an' little Mary was here now!"

Sitting straight in the corner of her pew, her spectacles on the extreme end of her nose, her bonnet tipped rakishly to one side in her joy, her red-woollen-mittened hands crossed demurely in her lap, she, the happiest child of them all, listened to the exercises. Carollers and speech-makers found naught but sympathy in her sweet face.

When the last speaker had tiptoed to his seat and the infant class was growing unruly in the amen corner—the sight of the bobinet stockings and mysterious packages being too much for the patience of their baby souls—Brother Knisley carefully mounted the step-ladder and the distribution of the gifts began.

"Billy Keel, Tessie Miller—Dora Jackson, Mrs. Sallie Biddle," haltingly read the brother. The sight of Sallie's wild delight over the red plush album almost moved Granny to tears. "Mrs. Polly Simmers, Marthy Morris—Mrs. Polly Simmers, Mrs. Joel Keel—Mrs. Polly Simmers," then again and again until the pew in which Granny sat was filled and overflowed into her lap. Wide-eyed, at first happy, then more and more distressed grew the small face under its rakish bonnet.

"Mrs. Polly Simmers, Miss Nelly Sanford—Mrs. Polly Simmers—" Oh, would they never cease? Martha, chuckling with joy, gathered them in one by one.

"There, Granny, guess it ain't hard to see who is the favourite in this town," she whispered, vehemently. "Law's sakes, if here ain't another; that makes twenty-one? Wonder what it is? It feels for all the world like a milk-strainer but I never heard of such a thing hung on a tree."

Granny's face flushed, puckered, and flamed into crimson.

"Don't talk so loud, Marthy.

Ain't you got no manners! Oh, whatever, ever shall I do?"

"Do? wheezed Mrs. Keel, leaning over the back of her pew. "Do? Why, take every one of 'em and enjoy 'em. Ain't one but what's filled with love, even if it is a milk-strainer, though I can't see why anybody come to think of that."

"Goodness knows, we needed it bad enough," returned Martha, shrilly, over Mrs. Keel's shoulder. "I've been jaw-smithin' about it fer the last month, but she wus always forgittin' it."

"Looks to me as if that was a coal-hod," remarked Billy Keel, prodding a bulky bundle on Granny's lap with a fat forefinger.

"You hush up, Billy Keel," exclaimed Granny, resentfully. "I ain't makin' any remark about your gif's, be I?"

Billy, as much astonished as if one of his pet doves had pecked him, hung his head in shame.

"Mrs. Polly Simmers," announced the brother, pompously, as he slowly clambered to the floor; "that is the last gif'."

"Ahem!" began Brother Sutton, his mild old eyes beaming with joy as he looked over his congregation. He drew his tall length to its uttermost, set the tips of his fingers together, and teetered slowly back and forth from toe to heel. "Ahem! It has been gratifying indeed to see so much generosity. But most of all it has pleased us to see that the receiver of the lion's share has been our aged sister, Mrs. Polly Simmers. It is delightful that her unselfish life, her high sense of honour, her sweet sympathy, has been appreciated."

Granny, her face deathly pale, every hint of the Christmas joy of the early evening gone from her eyes, now dulled with agony, arose trembling in her pew.

But Brother Sutton's eyes brightened as he saw her.

"Our aged sister wishes to speak to us, I see," he said, kindly, "and I know all the little folks will be very quiet."

"I jest want to say," gasped Granny, clutching nervously at the pew in front of her, "I jest want to say that I'm a wicked old sinner, that I'm a liar and a cheat and a disgrace to my church."

The audience, as if electrified, turned toward her in amazement; even the children dropped their gifts to stare at Granny, as she stood pale, wild-eyed, and self-accusing.

"My heart's 'most bustin' with your goodness," went on the quavering old voice, "and I've got to tell or I'll die 'fore mornin', an' I can't go to John an' 'Rastus an' little Mary with a lie on my soul, even if the good Lord would forgive me for their sakes an' let me in. That day I set out to buy a gif' fer every man, woman, an' child in the church the devil kept tellin' me they wouldn't be nothin' fer old Granny Simmers, an' the more I thought the more I got a hankerin' to hear my name read with the rest; an' the bad man he said to me, says he, 'Granny Simmers, why don't you buy some things for yourself an' put them on the tree; nobody'd be the wiser. Needn't buy anything extravagant,' says he, 'jest plain needcessities that Marthy's been urgin'. Since you are buyin' for everybody in the church, there's no harm—John said "every man, woman, an' child."

"I didn't have an idee that anybody would think of old me, so I says to the bad man at last, says I, 'Jest a few things, devil, jest a few—a milk-strainer that Marthy has been jawin' about, a coal-hod, a tack-hammer, an' a new calico I had been needin' for some time; then I got a couple of new pie tins an' a soapstone 'cause Marthy cracked the old one. An' I never once thought of it bein' a sin, an' I tied 'em up with ribbons an' tissue-paper, an' sung as I did it—I was just as happy as a child. But when I saw how you'd all remembered me, an' heard Brother Knisley readin' gif' after gif', an' I seed how I'd doubted your friendship an 'knowed you never dreamed I was actin' a lie, I jest felt so pusly mean I couldn't stand that you should believe all them gif's come from love. I guess I ain't fit for anything but churchin'."

Shaking with sobs, the little woman dropped back in her seat to be received into Martha's loving arms.

"Brother Sutton"—it was Mrs. Keel's asthmatic wheeze that broke the silence—"Brother Sutton, I've got a few words to say, and as I look about at the streamin' eyes of this congregation I know you'll all agree with me. If there is a dear saint on earth, who has stood by us in our sorrows an' our joys, who's hovered over our death-beds and welcomed our babies, it's Granny Simmers. If

there's a soul of honour, a childlike conscience, and one of the Lord's own, it is this blessed little woman. I don't know how the rest of you feel, but my heart's 'most broke for the poor little soul. Ain't no more sin in her gentle little heart than there is in a baby's."

"Amen!" came from every side.

But Brother Sutton, his face beaming with tenderness, had come swiftly down the aisle and was bending over Granny.

"Sister," he said, taking her little wrinkled hands in his, "believe me, God forgave you this before you asked it; and as for us, look about you, and what do you see in the faces of your friends? Come one and all and give her your tenderest greetings."

Kneeling by the bed that night in her little white gown and cap, as she pressed her face in the pillow where John's head had rested for so many years, Granny poured out a humble and a contrite heart. "An', Lord," she added, "please tell John an' the children that I give every one of them things to Mis' Cottie, an' I'm startin' out again with falterin' steps toward the heavenly home."—New York Outlook.

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## "I WAS NOT LED BY ANY STAR."

BY DORA GREENWELL M'CHESNEY.

At Christmas time I did arise,
And took my pilgrim staff in hand;
Among the simple as the wise
To seek my Christ through all the land,
I sought Him long; I sought Him far;
I was not led by any Star.

In palace high I found Him not,
Although men hail Him King of All;
Nor yet in any peasant's cot,
Though lowly He and meek withal.
I sought Him long; I sought Him far;
I was not led by any Star.

I found a church both great and fair
Where men did burn the incense fine;
I saw the tapers flicker there—
I did not see Him at the shrine.
I sought Him long; I sought Him far;
I was not led by any Star.

At length when all my strength was spent
—For I had sought Him so in vain—
And stony was the way I went,
My pilgrim staff was snapped in twain.
I sought Him long; I sought Him far;
I was not led by any Star.

Afar I was from hearth-side glow,
And barred each door where I would stay,
I turned me to a stable low
To shelter me till break of day.
I sought Him long; I sought Him far;
I was not led by any Star.

Fair shone the place with wondrous fire,
Within, the beasts were gathered all;
The browsing kine from out the byre,
The horse and ass from stable stall.
I sought Him long; I sought Him far;
I was not led by any Star.

And in their midst a Babe new-born,
A smiling Babe was on the hay,
Which feared in naught the oxen's horn;
A shepherd's dog beside Him lay.
I sought Him long; I sought Him far;
I was not led by any Star.

Doubting, I stayed me at the sill.
The beasts were met from fold and road,
Which yield their lives at man his will,
Which bear the burthen, brook the goad.
I sought Him long; I sought Him far;
I was not led by any Star.

There warm He lay whom men cast forth,
There safe He lay whom men betrayed,
Who chose among the beasts His birth,
—I kneeled beside the sill and prayed;
And found Him thus I sought so far;
I was not led by any Star.

—*The Spectator.*

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## CHRISTMAS EVE.

The earth is hushed in immemorial calm—
Serene the valleys watch beneath the ancient stars,
The eternal hills breathe forth in rapture undefiled
The solemn cadence of a mighty psalm:
Nor height, nor depth, nor living thing, is there which mars
Remembrance of the birth-night of a Holy Child.

—*Emery Pottle.*

# IN THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERGLOW.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

## CHAPTER V.

T was midsummer; a time, even in the country, of close sultry days, dusty highways and dried springs of water. The heat for many days had been almost unparalleled. The city papers teemed with names of prominent citizens detained from their business, while in the country sunstrokes and low fevers prevailed.

It was early on one of those afternoons that grandfather returned from the garden, complaining of a slight indisposition. He did not regard it as anything serious, and smiled at my proposal to send for Dr. Geddis. At six o'clock he was muttering strange snatches of sentences; at twelve he was wildly delirious, and Dr. Geddis looked ominous as he gave me directions for the night, promising to send a woman to sit with me.

In a few days the fever and delirium passed, and there was just a gentle slipping away from life, peaceful as the receding of the tide from the shore. He did not talk much, but lay very quiet, and in the Sabbath stillness of the room, I could hear the murmur of my name in his prayers. We thought him sleeping when he passed away, so quiet was the end.

In less than a week there was another grave beside the three in the village churchyard, and I was practically alone; my possession, the cottage and its contents, and barely one hundred dollars. My long illness, with its consequent train of expenses, had fast melted away the little store at the bank, but I did not care for that now; I was young, and strong again, and loved the prospect of work.

Through the solicitations of an influential friend in the city, I soon obtained employment, and was advised to hold myself in readiness for acceptance at a day's notice.

Now that the actual dissolution of all the old ties was about to take place, I experienced many little pangs of regret, many revivals of the old pain that was connected with so many objects in the home.

As I looked back upon it for the last time, close barred and curtained, I fancied it looked grieved, thinking of the silence was that was fall upon it.

It was three o'clock when my friend assisted me from the train in the city, and at four we were shown into the private office of Mr. Andrews. I must confess I was a little nervous, perhaps apprehensive, as to the issue of the interview.

He looked me over casually at first, glancing up from his work, at short intervals, to put some desultory questions. I had time to observe him, and was favourably impressed by his firm, critical mouth, his kindly, dark grey eyes and square chin.

The interview was exceedingly short, and came to an abrupt close by his remarking in a conclusive tone:

"Our employees are at their places at eight o'clock in the morning, Miss Torphy," and with a more cordial remark to my friend, turned to his desk again, scarcely raising his eyes to bid us "Good afternoon."

So I had been duly accepted on probation, on the staff of one of the largest circulating daily papers in the city. I was to begin by doing typewriting and a certain amount of reporting, according to my capabilities. My advancement depended on myself. As I walked out into the crowded street, and mixed with that moving tide of humanity, a great elation took possession of me. I felt myself once more a part of that warm, pulsating life.

But as I do not intend to include much, if any at all, of that part of my life and work in this story, I may as well say here that I grew to like it very much; in time was advanced step by step till the typewriting machine was a mere memory, and I was given a desk of my own, and a little corner of the paper was under my care. This, indeed, was not attained easily. The path was thorny enough at times, as all journalists know, but my natural perseverance, coupled no doubt with a sobering and concentrating of all

my interests, helped me over many hard places.

I had engaged a room in advance at the Y. W. C. A. Building, and immediately, at the close of the interview at the office, followed the trunks that had preceded me there.

I felt that sensation of strangeness that I think every one experiences on entering an unfamiliar room for the first time, as I sat down in the only chair the room afforded.

It was clean and airy, but so rigid in its simplicity; surely no Puritan maiden ever woke to barer walls and floor, or performed her rapt devotions in the absence of fewer suggestions of the sinful world.

How silly! Did I expect to find the same harmony of decoration and sense of comfort prevailing here as in my own little room at home? And hadn't I brought half a trunk full of books, knick-knacks, photos and curtains to supply the deficiency? I had a good hour before me, and in that time I had transformed my room from its formal aspect into one of smiling comfort. The addition of a couple of rugs, a small rocking-chair, and a desk would make it complete.

When the bell rang for supper, I already felt domesticated, and went down with satisfaction and a good appetite. There was something very pleasant, indeed, in the atmosphere of the large dining-room, with its numerous small tables, surrounded by bright, chattering groups of girls, some in hats, ready to go out again, and others with that unmistakable abandonment of the day's tasks.

I was shown to a table in the corner farthest from the door, where one of the girls whom I had met in the matron's office took it upon her to introduce me to the others at table. They received me in that free-and-easy manner peculiar to people who live in a sea of new faces, and continued to chat away as uninterruptedly as if I had always been one of them.

I noticed in particular one young woman, with a cheery face and animated expression, who sat opposite me. One was not drawn so much by what she said, for she did not speak often, as by the broad intelligence and good-humour characterizing her countenance. However, she had something pleasant and of import to say to every one, and I noticed that when she spoke they all turned to her with consideration. She was quietly dressed, and in no ostentatious way appeared superior to the rest, but from the moment of her entrance, I felt an interest, and hoped we might be friends.

I was agreeably surprised to find her room was next to mine, and on our way upstairs she told me she was a "schoolmarm," and taught a little school on the very outskirts of the city, going back and forth daily on the car. She preferred a location in the heart of the city, as it was near her church, the evening Bible-class, the Chautauqua Club, and the Guild, where she taught history two nights out of a week.

A few nights after she invited me into her room, told me something of her life, and promised to introduce me at the Guild and the Club. Thus began an acquaintance which ripened into the closest of friendships as the weeks went by and we grew to know each other better.

We read, studied, and played duets together on the piano in her room on holidays and idle evenings, planned excursions, confided our little difficulties to each other, and laughed or cried over our varied experiences. She was so beautifully unselfish, ready to sacrifice her pleasure or comfort any moment for the privilege of giving happiness to any one in misfortune or distress.

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## CHAPTER VI.

I was returning one evening, about an hour after office hours, from a little mission on my own account, when on issuing from a crowded thoroughfare I was suddenly intercepted by Mr. Andrews, about to take the same direction.

He was passing with a formal salute, but paused, dropping back, to walk at my side.

"Did it ever occur to you, Miss Torphy," he asked, after a silence, "that your name was rather an uncommon one?"

"I don't know that it ever did," I replied, adding after a pause, "Although I never met any one of that name to my remembrance, now that you mention it."

"Father Irish?" he asked, after a moment.

"Yes; he had no relation in this country to his knowledge. An elder brother, who started with him, died

on the voyage of a contagious disease that broke out on board, I have been told."

From that he questioned me casually as to some of the events connected with that voyage; the year, the name of the vessel, and even of the captain. It was little indeed I could tell him, just the barest facts, gleaned from an old diary, that had been left by my father, and preserved for me by "Little Mother."

He seemed quite interested in what I told him, and was, I think, about to make some concession, when he checked himself, wished me a plain "Good-night," and turned to hail a car.

He took no further notice of me outside our daily intercourse for several weeks after this, until one night, as I was pausing before a display of orchids in a florist's window, he remarked carelessly over my shoulder:

"As we are going the same way, Miss Torphy, we may as well walk together."

"My mother's name was Torphy," he suddenly remarked, after we had escaped a little from the crush and were pursuing our way more leisurely.

I looked up with surprise plainly written on every feature, waiting for him to continue.

"Would it surprise you a little to know that we were cousins?" he asked, with no show of emotion, adding without waiting for any reply:

"The information with which you kindly furnished me some weeks ago, led me to make comparison with some papers I possess relative to that vessel and its passengers, and I have very good authority for believing that my mother, with her husband, sailed from Dublin in search of two brothers, one many years her junior, who had left for Canada five years before. Needless to say she never found them, never heard of them, dead or living. You have only to give me a slight personal sketch, and I think the authenticity will be complete."

"I haven't the faintest remembrance of him," I replied; "my mother died when I was three weeks old. I was taken to my grandfather's, and never saw my father again. I have a faded tin daguerreotype, if that will be of any service."

"Very good, I should like to see it."

We walked on in silence for some little way. I was more occupied with the consciousness that he had been aware of this relationship for fully seven weeks without mentioning it, than with the thought of any bearing it might have on my position as his employee. I felt just the least little resentment at the indication that he had been deliberating on my desirability as a connection; still that he had told me even now was evidence of his decision.

No doubt something of what I was thinking occurred to him, for he presently remarked, with a queer smile playing about his usually grave mouth:

"Possibly a knowledge of the relationship does not tend to augment your sense of family pride."

"Oh, my pride does not lie in that direction," I replied, lightly, "but I have an odd little theory that relationships of that distance do not count for much. One would not think of presuming on a mere cousinship."

I was a little frightened after I had spoken, but I think he rather liked my daring, for he answered more unconstrainedly than he had ever done before.

"I am prepared to presume on it already. You have a cousin at my house, whom I must confess is very eager to make your acquaintance. I am entrusted with a commission to exact a promise from you to honour her with a call at your earliest convenience."

"Pardon me," I said, just a trifle coolly, "you would make me guilty of the first imposition."

"Ah! pardon me," he replied, quickly, in a sincere tone, adding, as if the words hurt him: "My daughter is an invalid. She is exempt from all social exactions. Believe me, she will esteem it as a great obligation if you ignore the customary form in this matter, and call to see her in an entirely informal way. May I tell her you will come?"

"Yes, most certainly."

He handed me a card containing his street and number, and left me with a pleasant "Good-bye."

I wondered during the ensuing days a great deal about the strange cousin whose acquaintance I was to make. The fact that she was an invalid detracted considerably from the hesitation I had otherwise felt on making her acquaintance; had it not been so, I should not have entertained the prospect with any seriousness; in all probability neither would she have desired it.

There was a cold, intermittent sleet falling the evening that I stood without the door of that B—— Street mansion, waiting a reply to my ring.

"For 'Miss Andrews,' I said to the maid who opened the door, giving her my card. She glanced at it, showed me into a room at the right, handsome in the dim gas-light, and ran upstairs, returning immediately, bidding me follow her to Miss Andrews' room.

The hall and stairway were brilliantly lighted, and not far from the head of the latter we turned off into a room without any lights save that proceeding from the soft glow of a deep smouldering fireplace that occupied an alcove on one side of the room.

Reclining on a velvet couch, drawn up before the fire, lay a young girl in a dress of some soft heliotrope material, whose face, despite the warm rays of the fire that fell directly upon it, was almost supernaturally pale. She half raised herself as I entered, threw back with an impatient gesture the plush rug that partly covered her, and looked toward me critically.

"I am honoured, Miss Torphy," she remarked, extending her hand, with the least touch of sarcasm in her tone. "I had no idea you would condescend to come."

She doubtless expected I would make some conciliatory reply, but after returning her hand-clasp I only remarked, taking the chair the maid drew forward:

"Your father said you were feeling better to-day."

She had scarcely taken her eyes from my face since I entered. There was a searching, almost hungry eagerness in the intensity of her well-bred gaze that did not seem to regard my clothes or figure, but rather sought to probe the depths of my nature. Presently she dropped back into her former position, drew the rug forward, and gazed into the fire.

"You don't mind if we haven't lights," she remarked, more in a tone of quiet assurance, than asking a question, a few moments after, without looking up.

"No! This is much pleasanter."

"Yes! I find it so. These are my happiest moments of the day—if I have been good; if not—they are my inferno. Hope or reconciliation to one's lot comes to so many with the morning; to me it always comes with the night."

"Yes," I answered, softly, "'At evening time there shall be light.'"

"I dare say it's a foolish illusion," she continued, "but when the fire burns like that, so quiet and full of soft, rosy light, as if happy in its own consciousness of being, I see my life reflected in it as it might have been; and when it glares suddenly or leaps forth in angry, restless flames," she paused, and her voice fell so that it was just audible, "as it is now."

"Yes," I said, "there are silent languages that speak to us in various ways, often expressing a more touching and impressive lesson than the same thoughts audibly spoken."

Hard little lines gathered around her pale lips, at some thoughts my words suggested, or it may have been pain.

The portieres were suddenly pushed aside from a doorway opposite the fireplace, and a little girl about eight years old, with a wealth of soft waving hair hanging about a sweet face, bounded into the room. At sight of me she stopped abruptly, regarding me shyly.

"Grace," said her sister in a low, peevish tone, "this is Miss Torphy. You are not likely to advance yourself in her favour by staring at her in that stupid way. Can't you speak to her, or are you spellbound?"

The child moved uneasily, then came unhesitatingly forward, with a pretty smile:

"My papa says you are my cousin, Miss Torphy, and as I haven't but three others in the world, I am going to love you very much."

I could not resist the desire to put my arms about her and kiss her fondly, at which she seemed pleased, and remained standing near my chair.

"What is that you have in your hand?" demanded her sister, coldly, again raising herself from the couch.

"Azaleas from the greenhouse," she replied timidly, looking down at the flowers.

"Who gave you permission to cut them?" demanded her sister, more sternly than before.

"No one," replied the child, adding, half pleadingly, half resentfully, "I wanted them to put in Ann's room."

"Ann, indeed!" retorted the other contemptuously. "I gave Hascells particular instructions to preserve them until Friday, when I meant to send them to Maimie Adams, on her birthday."

"I didn't know it," ventured the

child, almost in tears. "I will take them back to Hascells and ask him to keep them."

"Take them back, indeed," her sister replied, scornfully. "You had better take yourself to your room, and stay there until you learn to consult others before meddling."

The child left the room thoroughly humiliated, and I heard a sob outside in the passage.

We did not talk much after that. I soon rose to go, and as I walked down the broad stone steps, I had some contradictory impressions concerning the character of one of the inmates of that elegant mansion.

## CHAPTER VII.

Hugh Andrews did not make any mention of my visit to his daughter, on that or any subsequent occasion, in his office. I continued as formerly, simply as one of his employees, without regard to personal interest or relationship.

It was less than three weeks, however, when I received a formal invitation for dinner, in his daughter Ruth's handwriting. I must confess I was a little agitated at this evidence of hospitality, but I was greatly relieved on arrival to find no one else was expected. It was just a whimsical little freak of Miss Andrews to ask me in that way.

"Indeed," she remarked with a little laugh, that would have been light enough, had it not been for the taint of bitterness that invariably had a way of creeping into it, "you may consider yourself highly honoured by my observance of formality; that is the third like invitation I have issued in five years."

I came to find that it was even so. Confined to the house, almost to a couch, for the last five years, Ruth Andrews had gradually withdrawn herself from the world. Since she could have no part in its pleasures, she had declined to have any concern in its interests. Confined to herself, shut away from its sympathy as completely as from its diversions, she had even grown hostile to it, building up little barriers of cynicism and harsh judgment of its charity.

The episode of the little dinner revealed to me a side of Hugh Andrews' character that all my months of previous acquaintance had failed to perceive. He did not talk more than usual, but there was intent in all he said.

He bantered with Grace on the susceptibility of her taste for Mrs. Burnett, whose "Little Lord Fauntleroy" she was reading for the first time, against her former favourite author of the Elsie Books. To his elder daughter he graciously deferred, humouring her in her narrow whims, and pretending to ignore her occasional petulant or fretful outbursts.

Mr. Andrews went out immediately after dinner. Miss Andrews' maid, Flora, assisted her upstairs, and when she had left us alone, I opened the conversation by saying:

"For all you do not enjoy much social life, you can scarcely get lonely here," indicating a low bookcase that ran along two sides of the room, filled with leather-bound volumes.

"I do not care much for them," she replied, "but, on the whole, they are about as tolerable companions as the most of the people one meets. They have the characteristic of keeping silent when you are not particular about their society, which is a distinct advantage."

I declined to see anything personal in this remark, and only replied:

"Most books, and individuals, too, for that matter, are a compound of desirable qualities, and their opposite. The merit is to separate the wheat from the chaff. In the individual, at least, I always like to believe the good predominates."

"Such a belief, however, is generally of limited duration. Some little unguarded word, or display of questionable sentiment, and the whole fabric of your lovely illusion is destroyed. Everybody is a hypocrite, I believe, to a certain extent."

"So long as his hypocrisy prompts him to return a wound with a kind word, turn a harsh criticism into a merited praise, or cover a cruel disappointment under a sweet reconciliation, let him practise it," I returned. "The world will be a better and happier place for it."

"I suppose I am to believe Miss Fashion-plate means it purely for my pleasure when she drops in sedately to tell me of all the lovely things just new from Paris, the number and variety of her new reception and party gowns, the latest social gossip, and the latest silly fad; and that Miss Butterfly means it solely for my healthful diversion when she

flutters in to pour a flood of confidences into my ear concerning picnics, drives, assemblies, and the ravishing airs of her latest beau. How I hate their simpering looks of pity; their gushing, gossiping chatter. If there's any good in that, it is so diluted that the trouble of gathering the particles together would scarcely compensate for the labour."

She had spoken rapidly, almost vindictively, and now ceased, exhausted.

I forbore to make any reply, and when she had grown calmer I asked permission to play her a little air I had been learning. It was soft, dreamy, and soothing; I was certain of its effect upon her.

When I held her hand to say "Goodnight," she looked up at me entreatingly: "You will come again; come often; you are my cousin, you know. (This was the first reference she had made to our relationship.) "I have no friends," and her lips trembled, "no world outside these walls."

. . . . . .

I forget the occasion, but it was a local holiday, and I had promised to spend the afternoon with Ruth. It was the middle of April; nature was in her most winsome mood, and the sun shone as it shines only in the spring. I had succeeded in coaxing Ruth out on the little balcony that opened off her sitting-room upstairs.

Touched by the caressing warmth of the sun, and all the subtle, unspeakable tokens of resuscitation about us, she had grown, not without wonder at herself, graciously communicative, almost merry. We read and talked by turns, while chords that Grace was practising at the piano sent up a plaintive sound from below.

I think we had been there at least an hour, carelessly noting the passers-by, when a carriage was heard approaching at a smart gait on the paved driveway. As it drew near the gentleman quietly touched his hat; the lady would not have looked at all but for the little one on her knees, who, seeing us, lifted its tiny hand, smiled, and repeated some baby language.

With his disengaged hand the man gently but firmly caught the uplifted one of the child in his and hastily lowered it. It might have been done on any occasion, but it looked significant.

I turned to Ruth, who sat stiff and rigid in her chair. Every particle of colour had fled from her face, and a slight shiver crept over her, even as I looked.

"Let us go in," she said, in a strained voice. "It is cold here, and I am tired."

I folded the rug about her, and wheeled her back. I was apprehensive, as I had never seen her like this before.

"Can I do anything for you? Shall I call for Flora?"

"No; I want nothing. Please help me on the couch. I shall be better soon."

She closed her eyes, while her hands drooped listlessly at her side. For more than an hour she remained so without speaking, but I could see from the corner where I tried to occupy myself with a book, that she turned her head wearily from time to time, and her fingers worked convulsively.

She opened her eyes, and looked at me gratefully, when, as the light began to fade in the room, I drew the blinds and stirred the fire to a warmer glow. Drawing a low ottoman, I sat down beside her, and took her hand in mine, putting my cheek against hers on the pillow.

"Twilight is the story hour," I said softly. "Cousin, will you tell me a story?"

She pressed my hand in reply, turned her face away from the light, and after a long silence began:

"Once upon a time, as the stories go—it may have been a thousand years ago, it may have been five hundred, it may have been five, no matter—there lived a girl, young, healthy, happy, and, her friends were pleased to say, exceedingly pretty.

"She had just been free from school a year, revelling in all the enjoyments that buoyant spirits, wealth, and good social position could command, when there appeared on the clear horizon of her happiness one whom her heart recognized at its hero.

"It was all like a dream, with its vague reflection of higher, holier things. Yes, it was too full of happiness to last. One day, one hateful November day, there was a cruel accident in the street; an overturned carriage, and underneath a crushed and senseless girl.

"It was weeks before they told her the extent of her injuries, after every doctor had been consulted, every remedy prescribed. She would never walk again unaided, would be a confirmed invalid the remainder of her days. Her lover refused to believe it; they would wait, time would be more kind.

"And so they waited, very patiently

at first, but when the weeks rolled themselves into months, and she grew no better, she fancied she discerned a growing impatience in his manner; his visits were less frequent, his attitude more studied in his desire to please.

"Then one day, when the last treatment had proven a wretched failure, after a struggle that loosened all the foundations of her being, she wrote him a quiet enough little note, honourably releasing him from the fulfilment of all declarations.

"He came, pleaded, renewed his protestations of faithfulness, but she had fought her battle, decided the issue, and resigned herself to the rest.

"Out of delicacy, out of consideration for her suffering, he never came again, for which she thanked him in her heart.

"Two years after, rumours of his approaching marriage with a former acquaintance of hers reached her ears. How she hated the remembrance, so vivid now, of her pale, thin face, and her indolent, listless ways. How had he been deceived in his estimation of her worth! She was so simple-hearted, so unaspiring, he so clever, so brilliant, fitted for any high career.

"And so there came a day when all the fashionable world gathered at the church to see a proud, smiling man lead a timid, trembling girl forth from its doors, while a few blocks away another lay in a darkened room, all the fiends of jealousy and mad hate of her lot dancing menacingly about her pillow.

For three years the young married couple never once crossed her narrow path; she avoided the sight of them as she would have that of some crushing pain, and then one day"—her voice fell to an almost inaudible whisper as if only speaking to herself—"a tiny, innocent child, she knew there was such a one, but 'things seen are ever mightier than things heard,' with its father's eyes, smiled and tossed its pink fingers to her.

"The story has no sequel, only the common sequel of a divided life. He went his way, she hers, until the end. That is all."

"And if," I said, after a long, long silence, "there came another who could give a sanctity to all the bitter past, and invest life with a new meaning, would she reject the blessings of that comfort?"

"There is no power in heaven or on earth to work that miracle," she replied sadly.

"He did quite as wonderful things as that in Galilee," I urged gently. "That was a part of His mission, to bind up broken hearts, to loosen the chains of the prisoner."

"I used to believe all that sort of thing, years ago, in a sort of theoretical way, but now"—she broke off abruptly—"it is different."

"Some time when you are alone," I said, "I should like you to read a few paragraphs, that I shall mark, in one of your books," and going to the bookcase I took down an elegantly-bound little Testament from an obscure corner of the shelf, and marked from the twelfth verse to the end of the twenty-seventh of the fourteenth chapter of St. John, leaving the book open on the table.

"You are very tired now, and need rest. Do not dwell too much on the past. 'Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' I am sure it will come for you, something whispers it to me," I said, kissing her good-bye.

"It is all night," she replied, shaking her head sadly.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The bright, relenting days of spring lazily stretched themselves into the long, oppressive ones of summer, and holidays were near at hand. Marion Allison, my "school-marm" friend, and I had a scheme that was fast approaching the possibility of realization. We had planned to spend our holidays together in my little cottage in the country.

Nothing could be more delightful from Marion's point of view. She declared it her conception of unalloyed bliss to hide herself away for two weeks in some little secluded nook in the country, far from "the madding crowd," to read and dream in delicious idleness through the warm summer days.

And the fact that we would do our own housekeeping, including the cooking, "where soup," said Marion, "will not so much as once be named among us," lent a double charm to the sense of freedom.

Soup was Marion's abomination.

"If they would only reverse the order," she whispered to me once, "and bring it in after dessert, one might refuse it then with some show

of propriety. I am sure it must have been the innovation of some miserly host who wanted to satisfy the appetite of his guests with one course."

It was about two weeks before our appointed starting-time, and I am confident Marion had one valise packed, that I plucked up courage to mention an idea that had been germinating in my mind for a week or more.

"Are you so wrapped up in the seclusion of that holiday, Marion, that you could endure the thought of any change in it or any addition to our party?"

Her face fell instantly, but she replied with a show of good-nature:

"Of course it is your house. You are privileged to enlarge the party at your pleasure."

I was anxious to have her enter into my plans, in equal heartiness with myself, so I told her how I longed to give two little orphans, whom she knew I was interested in, a taste of God's pure, fresh air, and a sight of his beautiful country.

"Just think, Marion," I said, "what it would mean to their poor, cramped, stinted little lives. Reared in dark, sunless rooms, their only playground the doorstep and the street, just think what it would be to wander at their pleasure through a shady old orchard, to hear the birds sing in the branches overhead, and bathe their bare feet in the dewy grass."

"Do you know what impressed me most deeply when I came to the city nearly a year ago? I almost seemed to stifle when I looked down some of those wretched streets with the houses rising above the stunted tree-tops and their doors opening on the very curbstones. And to think of little children growing up there, often from the cradle to the grave, hedged in like that, while a few miles away lie woods and fields never pressed by their wretched feet.

"Oh, it's a crying pity! I often wonder how any one can ever grow up great or noble who has not lain heart to heart with Mother Nature in their childhood.

"The success of your cause is assured," replied Marion, with a quiet smile, "if you plead before your audience as you have to me; and to prove that the present assembly has been duly impressed with a sense of its duty and responsibility in the matter, it hereupon pledges itself to assume the sole guardianship of the said Polly, together with the full discharge of all expenses incident with the journey, provided the soliciting committee does the same for the said Johnny."

Needless to say, I was delighted with Marion's ready and hearty cooperation, and the next step was to consult the children's aunt, who had charge of them, before intimating the proposal to the parties most concerned.

She was a cold, hard-working woman, offering scant courtesy to "them fine folks who come botherin' 'round." She listened to my proposal from start to finish without a word of comment, devoting all her interest to the baby she held in her arms, and who continued to gaze from one to the other of us with that quizzical stare a baby sometimes assumes.

"You will trust them to me and my friend?" I was bound to urge at the conclusion, as she continued to remain passive.

"Little good they are to me," she broke out roughly, "but I promised their mother I wouldn't see 'em on the street. I don't want 'em comin' back with any of your high-flyin' notions though. They've had more'n their own father could have give 'em."

The stupendousness of the news was almost too much for Johnny's equilibrium. I was sorry I had told him before the day's work was over, as he made several thoughtless mistakes during the afternoon that laid him open to sharp reprimand, but he took his correction much in the same manner as he took his commissions, with a divided mind.

Two days after he was waiting for me outside the main entrance, at the close of the day. He followed in my shadow, until I turned to him:

"You wish to say something to me, Johnny, do you not?"

He stopped short, shifted uneasily, and finally delivered himself of the following:

"Please, ma'am, do you s'pose Joe could go?"

"Who is Joe?" I inquired passively.

"A chum of mine, a very good boy—at least when you leave 'im alone. He's very sens'tive, ma'am. He'll take it very hard if I go without 'im. We've al'ays been together 'ceptin' since I've had this job.

Here was a new problem. After reflection I replied:

"I think before deciding it will be necessary to interview Joe, also to consult the committee on ways and means. Where is Joe to be found?"

"He's home now, out of a job. I could bring 'im round any day."

"No, I think I'll let you take me to see him—perhaps to-morrow."

It was decided that a strict retrenchment in the matter of street-car fare required no great amount of sacrifice on the part of the committee, and Joe might be included.

Joe did not present a very prepossessing appearance on the event of our first acquaintance. There was something positively reckless in the tilt of his dilapidated old hat, and the energy with which he dug his great toe in the hard-baked dirt at his feet.

"Were you ever in the country, Joe?" I asked.

"No, mum, but I seen a feller once that said 'e used ter live there; but I never swallered the trash 'e told. Flow'rs an' apples yer might 'ave for pickin' up. 'E thought 'e could stuff us, but we ain't so green, are we, Johnny?"

"Would you like to go and see for yourself, Joe?" I asked.

"Reckon I would, mum, but if I seen trees walkin' I wouldn't tell no lies 'bout it."

"Do you think your mother would be willing to let you go with Johnny here, and Polly, under my care?"

"I don't know, mum," his face brightening wonderfully, "if yer would ask 'er!"

Joe's mother replied shortly. She couldn't say so far ahead. If his father got a job for him to work on he must go; no time for "careerin' round" when there was work to be had. She reckoned he'd pull through if he never saw the country; better boys than he never had.

It was with this poor consolation that I left Joe; the chances of his happiness, as it were, hanging in the balances of fate.

Notwithstanding this uncertainty, Joe and Johnny became the lions of the alley. They were saluted from every doorstep, appealed to in every point for decision. Who could tell what material benefits might not accrue from relationship with such influential magnates? Only a few manifested their sentiments by showing fight or launching taunts or invectives from unassailable points of attack.

"Hi, Mister Snob an' Mister Prig, are yer goin' to take a Pullman or er h'ocean liner?"

Joe, I heard, gave some rather forcible answers to these impertinent manifestations of interest, while little Polly was plied with the most unanswerable questions, and allowed to nurse all the babies in the neighbourhood, who no doubt showed their appreciation of the honour by sitting very still and staring into the depths of her great dark eyes.

"I s'pects, children," Johnny told me, she would say, surrounded by a deferential group. "I s'pects it's almos' as grand as he'v'n. There be flow'rs an' grass yer kin walk on, an' Miss Alice say, a ham'uck under a tree jus' like the big folks 'ave at the I'land. My! I wish yer could all go, but, yer see, 'twould take a mighty big 'ouse to hold us all; and," ending with a little touch of pride in her weak voice, "she don't know yer all like Joe an' Johnny an' me. We be fortun's fav'rites, Joe says, whatever that means."

We were informed from time to time that no job had inopportunely thrown itself in the way of Joe's anticipated journey, but the possibility of it was hanging over his head like the sword of Damocles, menacing his every indulgence of the sweet feast.

I daresay he even dressed that last morning in fear and trepidation of the intervening hours, lest a job (the very word had become a detestation to Joe) should rise up and confront him with a derisive laugh, out of the very pavement at his feet.

His mother appeared to affect surprise that this was the day, and would make no concessions until Joe's father, who was "layin' off," had made a round of the principal offices.

Then only did she bring forth some shabby shirts and blouses that "happened to be clean," addressed her son with seasoned admonition, and turned him over to our hands with the final discharge:

"Mind, if yer father gets yer a job, yer to march straight back, or in losin' it you'll get something not so soft in its place."

I did not consider it any incitement against parental authority to intimate to Joe, as we walked off, that the probability need not cloud his prospects, as we had failed to leave our address.

"But the perlice could ferret yer out, couldn't he?" inquired Joe, with grave apprehension. "Them be mighty sharp fellers on the scent."

I feared it might invest Joe with too great a sense of his liberty to admit that the law assumed no corporeal form in the Arcadian region whither we were bound.

(To be continued.)

# WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED.

BY MARY E. Q. BRUSH.

T was half-past four o'clock on the last Friday afternoon of a certain December when Miss Myra Moon locked the door of her little prairie schoolhouse and turned her feet into the homeward trail.

In that northern latitude the sun had already set, but some of its glory still lingered in the western sky, contrasting brightly with ominous dark clouds steadily creeping upward from the distant horizon.

Away to the right, where the remote edge of the after-glow touched the earth, bronzing the long, level stretches of tufted prairie grass and brightening the red and orange fringe of low-glowing willows, Miss Myra beheld a moving mass of white bodies —soft, undulated, gray-shaded mounds —the large flock of sheep circling around a group of distant ranch buildings, the latter standing out black and sharply defined against the ruddy sky.

And as a couple of cowboys, mounted on Indian ponies, dashed by, touching their sombreros respectfully, she overheard one of them say to his companion :

"Those sheep'll be in a sorry fix if their owner doesn't watch out! Must be a 'tenderfoot' not to know there's a storm swooping down. Don't think it'll be a genuine blizzard, but it'll be a touch of one, I guess. Anyhow, by the feel of the air, we'll have some snow before morning!"

The riders were fast disappearing into far-away black specks on the prairie when Miss Myra, whose countenance had suddenly become overcast, said softly to herself.

"I wonder if Lutilda knows about her sheep! She ought to ; but, then, poor thing, as they said, she's a 'tenderfoot'! There! there's a snowflake—I do believe we're going to have a genuine old-fashioned storm for Christmas!

Now Miss Lutilda Lane was the owner of the sheep ranch ; that is, she had been trying to manage it since the recent death of her brother. It was indeed a heavier burden than even she, brave-hearted little spinster that she was, wanted to shoulder ; but then, what can one do when death stalks suddenly into a household and takes the strong one, leaving a weak, weeping widow and helpless little children ?

Although a "tenderfoot," Miss Lutilda was trying to do her best with the duties that crowded and pressed and clamoured ; but the task appalled her. The great, wide west was so strange to her. Prim little woman that she was, the rough, bluff manners and careless freedom of speech and ways, often shocked her and kept her from asking needed advice from her neighbours.

One of these neighbours was Myra Moon, the schoolmistress. The two women were not strangers ; years before they had been friends in a little eastern town. Then, sad to relate, something had come between their friendship. Such a little thing it was!—hardly worth mentioning, were it not to make plain this story. But if you could have persuaded either Miss Myra or Miss Lutilda to make a confidant of you, doubtless you would have heard something like this :

"Yes, we were members of the church choir, and a slight misunderstanding came up about the songs we were going to sing at Christmas. Some folks were ready to tell tales—maybe after all they weren't true ones, but it seemed so then—and anyhow, the first thing we knew there were bitter jealousy, spiteful speeches, and estrangement! And, ah! it was so long ago."

Great changes had come in the wide gap of years ; fond hopes had vanished, carefully-laid plans miscarried ; life itself had borne down hard and heavy, marring girlish bloom and freshness ; and finally, it happened that the two women were drifted by strange, unforeseen circumstances to this little far-away western settlement. But they renewed neither acquaintance nor friendship. Both were reticent, both proud, both busy workers.

However, let it be set down to Miss Myra's credit, that she made one effort toward friendliness. One summer day she rode over to the Lane Ranch, but found no one at home except the

younger members of the family, who shyly informed her that "Pa and Ma and Aunt Lutildy had driven into town to buy groceries and see the doctor."

Whereupon Miss Myra enjoined the small Lanes to tell their elders of her visit, giving her name, and expressing her pleasure should her call be speedily returned, and pleasant, neighbourly relations established—all of which the tangled-haired youngsters promptly forgot in the subsequent excitement over a newly-discovered gopher-hole and its nimble proprietor.

Ignorant of this fact Miss Myra naturally felt grieved and indignant and made a stern resolution that henceforth she would make no further attempts at neighbourliness.

Nevertheless, when stories of the Lanes' troubles and Miss Lutilda's burdened life reached her ears, gentle pity tugged at her heart-strings. And now, on this Christmas Eve, the words of the passing cowboys awakened anxious, uncomfortable thoughts. For she had been in the west long enough to know something of the difficulties a sheep-herder has to encounter, not the least one of these being the exposure of his flock to a heavy snowstorm. At such a time, all huddled together, the warmth of the bodies of the sheep melts the thick layer of snow clinging to their wool; it may be that a sudden change of temperature takes place, and then all the dripping moisture is speedily congealed into ice, and the poor ewes and lambs, shivering and suffering in their frosty armour, not infrequently succumb to disease and death. Were such a fate to befall the Lane flock, Miss Myra knew what loss, and perhaps utter ruin, would result.

Thinking gravely on this things she presently reached her home, a cosy, one-storied building, well banked by sod and straw, double-doored and double-windowed, with a huge stove in the sitting-room gleaming ruddily with blazing lignite coal.

Frederica, the Swedish housemaid, Miss Myra's only companion in her lonely life, looked up from bread-toasting and beamed a cheery welcome,

"Glad you beest home, Miss Myra! The storm he coom! Plenty snow soon for Christmas, eh?"

Miss Myra removed her wraps and sat down to her evening meal; after it was eaten, the dishes cleared away, and Frederica had settled down to the knitting of a woollen stocking of huge proportions and gorgeous colours, her mistress turned to the pile of magazines somewhat neglected during the busy school week.

But somehow neither story nor poem held her attention; her thoughts wandered toward her neighbour and old-time friend, Lutilda Lane—to Lutilda and the poor, innocent, helpless sheep!

At last, after three hours had passed and Frederica had retired, she went to the door of her little entry, opened it and looked out. The white mist of snow still filled earth and sky, but the air was no longer damp and still; an icy chill pervaded it and a piercing wind was whirling the snowflakes into little mounds and wreaths. For a minute or two Miss Myra stood irresolute, then, turning to the inner room, she donned her thick cloak and hood, and with a few brief words to wondering, sleepy Frederica, she sallied forth again into the night.

And now, even in the brief delay, a strange transformation in the whiteness without had taken place; the lace-work, thistle-down, and cobweb-like weaving of the snow had vanished. Flakes were still falling, but they were tiny in size—myriads of smallest frost atoms, and their touch on one's face was like the prick of a needle. The wind itself was also sharp; great icy blasts were sweeping down from the northern *buttes* with the snarl and howl of a pack of wild beasts eager to rend and to destroy.

Miss Myra shuddered as she thought of the gentler animals—the flock of sheep over yonder where the purple-black line of the sky touched the white earth. Thither she made her way, hood drawn well over her face, and shoulders bowed to the buffeting blast. As the latter whirled up the snow-wreaths, filling the air anew with blinding, stinging particles, and drawing a misty veil of bewildering whiteness across the guiding line of the horizon, a feeling of misgiving and dread took possession of her. What if she were to lose her way and perish? It was Christmas Eve, too, and her fireside had been so warm, pleasant, and secure! A fool, she, to risk health and life for an idle notion, a silly, quixotic suggestion! What was Lutilda Lane to her? A friend no longer—surely *that* fact had been proven.

Nevertheless, onward Miss Myra forced her way through the cold and the storm until, presently, her out-

stretched hand touched a woolly back, and sundry nearby bleatings told her that she had reached the flock of sheep.

And now there came a lull in the storm; the wind, shifting somewhat, bore off eastward; the mad dance of frost crystals followed its hoarse music; the moonlight shining down through the cleared atmosphere, revealed the flock of sheep huddled close together, their bodies distorted into abnormal shape and size by the quantity of snow clinging to their wool. Larger still, and black and clearly defined against the whiteness prevailing on all sides, stood the roughly made but commodious and comfortable sheepfold, unused thus far this season, since hitherto the weather had been so mild. Its wide door was closed but unlocked.

For an instant Miss Myra hesitated as her benumbed fingers fumbled with the latch. Involuntarily her gaze was directed toward another building not so very far away—Miss Lutilda's house, in the snow-framed windows of which gleamed a dull red glow from the lamp inside.

"She must be home after all!" Miss Myra murmured to herself. "I wonder why she hasn't had sense enough to look after her sheep! But, then, she's new to this business. I wonder"—hesitatingly—"if I oughtn't to go and tell her—nonsense! I'll house the sheep myself. She'll wonder in the morning, perhaps, if she thinks about it at all—but she'll probably give the credit to that Dutch Hans who works for her sometimes."

Stationing herself near the opened door of the fold, Miss Myra reached out her hand, sprinkled with salt she had brought, and called softly, but commandingly:

*"Oo-ee! Oo-ee! Coo-chee! Coo-chee!"*

There was a stirring among the white, woolly mounds, a surging and billowing like that of a restless sea; then there came a slow, cautious moving toward the coaxing, commanding voice and the inviting hand.

*"Oo-ee! Oo-ee! Coo-chee! Coo-chee!"*

And now Miss Myra was surrounded and pressed against, and soft, damp tongues lapped at her palm. One by one she pushed and led the gentle animals into the sheltering fold, first dexterously brushing off the heavy snow clinging to woolly sides and backs.

It needed but a touch or two to do this; nevertheless, long before her task was ended, her arms and hands ached—for there were more than two hundred sheep.

Finally, when the last one had passed over the threshold, she stood breathless and exhausted, with hands dropped nervously at her side.

"That was a harder job than I anticipated!" she whispered, huskily. "I wonder why I did it! For the sake of the poor beasts themselves, I suppose—and, maybe, for the sake of the old pleasant days with Lutilda—and—and—for the sweet peace of Christmas-time!"

A few minutes longer she lingered, leaning her weary body against the friendly support of the sheepfold, then, warned by the increasing cold, she turned to leave.

Then suddenly there loomed up against the white pathway a dark, slender figure. The moonlight softly shining down revealed the face of the owner of the sheep just now so carefully enfolded.

"You—Lutilda!" Miss Myra exclaimed in a fluttering, half-frightened voice. Then she added in a halting apology, "I—that is—you—you may think I've been presuming! A liberty unwarranted—but I—you—the poor sheep—I thought perhaps you didn't know"—she paused, the tears drowning her voice.

Then she turned to go, but now Lutilda's arms where around her.

"Myra! you wanted to do me a kindness! I am so glad—so very glad! For it shows that you care for me a little? I thought that if you remembered me at all, it was only to dislike—to hate! And I have wanted you so! I have been so lonely out here! I waited so long and so eagerly for you to come—for a word or sign from you to show me that you wanted to be friends again. Oh, I have waited hungrily, thirstily, Myra! But, now, on this stormy night, it seems that you have come, after all, to do me a kindness—to save me from loss. I would have come out to look after the flock before, but Sister Lucy had a headache, and little Tom was croupy. When at last I could get away and come out, then I saw you. I wondered at first, then I *knew*—and, O Myra! Dear, *dear* Myra!"

The bitter memory of years of estrangement seemed to vanish, and although the fierce wintry blasts chilled falling teardrops, it could not

banish the warm glow of loving, forgiving hearts.

But hark! Far across the white-wreathed prairie there comes a sound, faint, yet clear. It was the bell of the humble little church of the distant settlement. Hand in hand the two women, to whose sore hearts had just come the balm of reconciliation, listened to its music.

The white purity of the snow lay all round them; the radiance of the Northland's moonlight silvered the humble pathway leading from the sheep-fold; above them was the dark purple dome of the sky, glittering with the countless stars—the stars that had shone long ago, even on the first wonderful Christmas night when Bethlehem's manger cradled the Prince of Peace!

"Myra," it was Lutilda who whispered softly when the far-away bell ceased its silvery ringing, "Myra, do you remember the song we were to sing the night we—we had our quarrel? Suppose we sing it now, dear!"

Then the wind bore over the wild prairie the blended melody of the two voices—quivering at first, but ever growing stronger, sweeter, and more triumphant—singing the Christmas hymn dear to most of us, and to the two women tenderly significant—

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

—American Messenger.

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## IN MEMORIAM: WILLIAM GRANVILLE VENABLES VERNON HARCOURT, KNIGHT COMBATANT.

BY NORA CHESSON.

Up and down the River's reaches bid the bells begin to toll,
For the ending of a struggle, for the passing of a soul.
Full of years and full of honours in his sleep he passed away
When the first cocks cried together in the dawning of the day.

Toll the bells as if a peasant heart had turned again to clay?
Nay, but ring a chime triumphant as when news of victory comes
And men's voices thrill together at the beating of the drums;
Ring it out o'er Nuneham meadows that a fighter from the fray
Comes in bright but dinted armour to his sires to sleep as they.

He has fought a life-long battle, boldly as a soldier may,
Fought with scorn and hate and treason, saw his leaders go before.
And stayed on to die in harness bright as ever knighthood bore;
Old, he kept his weapons burnished; tired, he held his place alway;
Though the old wolf seeks his cavern, the old squirrel keeps his drey.

Ring the bells and do not toll them: let their strenuous voices say,
"Honour loves a noble lover, and their bond shall none destroy,
For he sought her as a greybeard as he sought her when a boy."
Good is wealth, and good is wisdom, good is sleep when day is done,
When the lists are closed and empty, and are no more tilts to run;
Good is peace when bravely fought for, and such peace is his to-day.

# EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

THE names of many famous men are linked with Sheffield—Hunter, its historian, Chantrey, the famous sculptor, Montgomery, the sweet hymn-writer, and Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer. Sheffield is proud of these men, and an imposing statue of the last-named stands in Weston Park.

It has been said that the Corn Laws would not have been repealed except for Ebenezer Elliott. Be that as it may, he certainly did much to bring about that reform. He was emphatically a man of one idea, and such men are a power that has to be reckoned with. His whole life long he imputed every evil under the sun to the Corn Laws. He spoke of nothing else in common conversation, and almost became a monomaniac. Is it not Emerson who says that "the horse works best in blinkers"? It is certainly the people who have one definite aim in view, and who look neither to the right nor left, who the soonest reach their goal. All Elliott's thoughts turned to this one theme.

His son-in-law, John Watkins, relates with what remarkable fervour he delivered his speeches, and how, on one occasion, Ebenezer Elliott startled him by rehearsing a passage in the Palace Yard, calling out in his loud voice, "They poisoned Socrates, they crucified Jesus, and they are starving you."

But it was not so much as a speaker that Elliott's influence was felt, for Cobden and Bright were working at the same time and for the same cause, and their mighty voices drowned any feebler speaking. Ebenezer Elliott was a poet, a splendid ballad writer, and as such had no need to care who made the nation's laws, if he could make their songs. From north to south, from east to west, broadcast over the land, his ballads and songs, some of remarkable power, were cast. He is called the Corn Law Rhymer, but his songs were more than mere rhymes, they have passed into our national literature, and have an abiding place there. "God Save His People," is a fine hymn taken from these Corn Law rhymes, of which the following are the first two verses :

When wilt Thou save the people ?
O God of mercy, when ?
Not kings and lords, but nations ?
Not thrones and crowns, but men !

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they ;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day,
God save the people !

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong ?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong ?
"No," say Thy mountains ; "No," Thy skies ;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs,
God save the people !

The man who helped to fight this good fight had more the temperament of a genius and poet than a fighter. He was a small man of nervous temperament, weak in body, but possessing a soul like a good sword in an ill sheath. "There is a miniature of him when about twenty-five," writes his son-in-law, "a more meek, quiet, boy-looking man never wore a white cravat, and prayed or preached in a conventicle, with light blue eyes and straight hair, yet he was all energy of spirit, and what he thought he should do, that he would do."

Ebenezer Elliott was born of mixed moss-trooper and yeoman ancestry, at the New Foundry, Masbro', Yorkshire, 1781. His mother was a gentle, timid, exceedingly delicate woman, and his father, as Elliott says in his autobiography, "a man of great virtue, not

without faults." He seems to have been a hard, stern man, with a touch of superstition. In the same autobiography Elliott says, "He used to preach every fourth Sunday (in their own home) to persons who came twelve or fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism (he called himself a Berean). Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics." If ever there was a man who knew not fear that man was the father of the Corn Law Rhymer. From his birth to his last gasp I doubt whether he knew what it was to be afraid, except of poverty, about which he had sad forebodings.

His father had a superstitious reverence for the cabalistic number three; one form this superstition took was to duck his children three times running in the canal, keeping them under so long that they were nearly suffocated. Ebenezer Elliott attributes to this his life-long horror and dread of suffocation.

Thus, as John Watkins says, "Two antagonistic elements of being early began to strive within him—one derived from the rough fearlessness of his father, the other from the nervous timidity of his mother. In infancy compelled to flee for refuge from the unsympathizing and perhaps inconsiderate spirit of his sire, to the weak and tender arms of her who not only could forgive him his faults, but protect him from the punishment of one who would not forgive. Probably the senior Elliott's creed had wrought an ill effect upon a temper naturally uncouth. Ebenezer Elliott was a shy, morbid, and rather dull boy at school. The story of his mental awakening is extremely interesting. A picture of a primrose in Sowerby's "Botany" first led him into the fields, and to study nature, and from that he was led to write verses. His feeling for Nature is very true and keen, and deepened as the years went by. Even in his political poems he draws his illustrations from Nature:

Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky.
Lo! all is interchange and harmony!
Where is the gorgeous pomp which yester-morn
Curtained yon orb with amber, fold on fold?
Behold it in the blue of Rivilin borne,
To feed the all-feeding seas! the molten gold
Is flowing pale in Loxley's crystal cold.
To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
And wake to verdant life, hill, dale, and plain.

Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power;
But should the clouds, the trees, the winds disdain
Harmonious intercourse, nor dew, nor rain
Would forest crown the mountains, airless day
Would blast on Kinderscout the heathy glow.
No purply green would meeken into grey
O'er Don at eve: no sound of river's flow
Disturb the sepulchre of all below."

In addition to being a poet, Ebenezer Elliott was a splendid business man. In 1821 he started in Sheffield as a bar-iron merchant with a capital of £100, and before long became so prosperous that he made money at the rate of £20 per diem. In 1837 he had a reverse of fortune, and lost much of his money, but he had saved sufficient to secure him a fairly good income, upon which he retired, and spent the remainder of his days at Houghton, near Barnsley. Here he died in December, 1849, three years after the dearest wish of his heart was fulfilled.

## IN THE HEART OF MARY.

BY ANNIE JOHNSTON FLINT.

Mother of Sorrows, I—
But my Babe is on my breast:
He resteth quiet there
Who bringeth the weary rest;
He lieth calm and still
Who bringeth the troubled peace,
Who openeth prison doors
And giveth the sad release;
For there reaches Him yet no sound,
No echo of cry or moan;
To-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day Thou art all my own. . . .

Mother of Sorrows, I—
And the sword shall pierce my heart:
But to-day I hold Him close
From the cruel world apart.
It waits with smiting and gibes,
With scourging and hatred and scorn,
With hyssop and wormwood and gall,
The cross and the crown of thorn;
The nations shall watch Him die,
Lifted up on the tree;
But to-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day Thou art safe with me.

# A NEW CANADIAN SINGER.*

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

Our Book Room has acquired a reputation for its handsome series of Canadian verse. It has never produced, we think, anything quite so beautiful as the dainty volume under notice, and the blue and red binding with deckle-edged paper, make it a very appropriate gift-book for the season. The verses have a marked elevation of thought and sympathy with nature, and fine poetic diction. The poem entitled, "Inheritance" is a typical example :

There lived a man who raised his hand and said,
"I will be great!"
And thro' a long, long life he bravely knocked
At Fame's closed gate.

A son he left, who, like his sire, strove
High place to win ;—
Worn out, he died, and dying, left no trace
That he had been.

He also left a son, who, without care
Or planning how,
Bore the fair letters of a deathless fame
Upon his brow.

"Behold a genius, filled with fire divine!"
The people cried,
Not knowing that to make him what he was
Two men had died.

"A Sea Song" closes with the striking lines :

'Tis O ! and O ! and my eyes are wet,
And O ! for my heart is sore ;
And I'm homesick, homesick for the wind
And the sea-sound on the shore.

Patriotic sentiment is shown in

* "Between the Lights." By Isabel Ecclestone MacKay. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75 cents.

"Magersfontein," and other poems. A subtle meaning runs through the poem of "The Lost Key":

I closed a chamber in my heart,
And locked the door for aye;
Then, lest my weakness traitor prove,
I threw the key away.

'Twas well I did, for soon there came
A hand that gently knocked;
"Excuse me, madam," said my heart,
"I fear the door is locked."

"No matter," said the winning voice,
"You'll open it for me."
"I cannot, madam," said my heart,
"I've thrown away the key."

She knocked awhile, then gaily tried
Her own keys one by one;
And sighed a little when she found
The lock would yield to none.

Yet when her knocking ceased, 'twa
Who sighed; and since that day
I've searched in dusty corners for
The key I threw away.

The nature poems are particularly good, and the following Christmas song will awake a pensive echo in many a heart:

Christmas-time brings muckle sorrow
When we're left oor 'lane;
Lang it seems until the morrow
When we've lost oor ain.
Sad tae see remembered faces
Smilin' frae their weel-kenned places
And tae think we'll never, never
Bid them welcome hame.

Ither times there's toil and worry
A' the lea-lang day;
We forget, amid the hurry,
Them that's fleed away.
At the eve we're a' sae weary
We scarce ken the hame is dreary,
Scarce we miss the langed-for footfa'
That is still for aye.

But when Christmas-time is nearin'
An' the folk are gay,
Ither skies sae bricht appearin'
Mak' oor ain seem gray.
An the heartsome merry-makin'
Fills oor empty hearts tae breakin'
Thinkin', thinkin', always thinkin'
O' a bygone day.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Rays from heaven, earth's darkness rending;
Forms celestial, earthward wending;
Shepherd watchers, awe-struck bending,—
And (how marvellous the sound!)
Angel-tones in proclamation:
"Lo, this day hath brought salvation
For each soul of every nation
In the wide world's circuit found."

Then a burst of rapturous singing,
Earth with heavenly music ringing,
Praise to God ecstatic bringing
For the unexampled love
That hath sent His Son from glory.
Oh, the wondrous, wondrous story!
Ever new, though ages hoary
Do in long succession move.

Toronto.

# Current Topics and Events.

## NEMESIS.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN,
Poet Laureate.

Still surging, surging, surging, onward, wave behind, wave before,
Human billow-battalions rolling to War's insatiate shore,
Curving, swerving, breaking, reforming, ever replenished tide,
Wending, they know not whither or why, to die as their kin have died,
From wailing matron and weeping maid in famishing homes afar;
Roofless, sleepless, heedless, lifeless, doing the will of the Czar.

But sloughing the raiment of graceful peace, and winged with the scales of war,
And grafting on thoughts and things that were the things and the thoughts that are,
An ancient People, impelled by wrath at smart of a triple wrong,
Than doggedly dauntless yet dauntless more, than colossal strength more strong,
Scale peaks and passes, and clamber up cliffs that only the thunders know,
Till the granite Muscovite ranks are shattered, and scattered like drifting snow.

And the strong young Scion of yet young Sire keeps watch, but with war-flag furled.
And British sentinels motionless stand at the fortress-gates of the world,
While Nemesis nears fraud-pilfered Port with narrowing knots of steel,
And the prowling Sloth skulks snowward more, with the feet of Fate at its heel;
And high in Heaven reigns Right Divine, still wields the sceptre and rod,
And worshippers throng to Buddhist shrines, praising the will of God.

Château D'Oex, Switzerland.

—*The Independent.*

HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MINTO, G.C.M.G., ETC., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

Lord Minto leaves our country with the hearty good will of every section of the community. He has shown himself a faithful public servant and devoted friend of Canada, not only during his vice-regal term of office, but in the old campaigning days of the North-West Rebellion. No Roman proconsul ever administered throughout so vast a territory. No prince or potentate ever made so long a journey as that of the earl and his gracious countess from the twice captured fortress of Louisbourg, laved by the surges of the Atlantic, to the far-off Yukon, within the Arctic Circle. Our best wishes go with them as they leave our country. We know that we shall have another firm and fast friend in the great council of the nation and in whatever higher office to which Lord Minto may be called.

### Lord Minto's Successor.

Canada has been fortunate in her Governors-General, the chief representatives of the Sovereign in the Dominion. They have with scarce an exception been men of mark—able, accomplished, and statesmanlike. Some of them have left splendid

records as British pro-consuls in Canada and India, the two greatest dependencies of the Empire. The names of Lord Sydenham, Lord Durham, Lord Elgin, Lord Dufferin, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Aberdeen will take high place in history. The less distinguished names are such more from lack of opportunity than lack of ability.

Earl Grey has a worthy place in this succession. He comes of good stock. His ancestor, the second Earl Grey, was the Premier of Great Britain in 1834, to whom was largely due the abolition of slavery, and the passage of the Reform Bill. The

EARL GREY.

present earl, who is now in the fifty-third year of his age, has a reputation for political sagacity and administrative skill of a very high order. He was educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he took a first-class in law and history. In 1880 he was elected in the House of Commons as Liberal member for Northumberland, and served till 1886. He went to South Africa and assisted his friend and ally, Cecil Rhodes, in organizing the vast territory which that great commoner added to the Empire. As Governor of Rhodesia during the war he had a difficult and delicate task to perform, in which his diplomatic ability was shown.

His record in social and philanthropic work is an even higher passport to our regard. To restrict that bane of the British people, the liquor traffic, he initiated the scheme of establishing houses to encourage the use of tea and coffee instead of strong drink, and over a hundred of these are reported in some degree as solving a difficult problem. Lord Minto has shown his taste for literature by the publication in 1899 of the "Memoir of Hubert Hervey."

His accomplished countess has taken a deep interest in her husband's social activities, and will prove a worthy successor as a charming and popular host of her husband's sister, Lady Minto, at Rideau Hall.

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### The Triumph of Peace.

The sublime patience under tremendous provocation, the statesmanlike dignity of Great Britain which held in leash the dogs of war, which referred the Gordian Knot of the North Sea trouble to the disentanglement of the Court of Peace rather than to the keen edge of the sword, is one of the greatest triumphs of diplomacy of all the centuries. "Now is the time," said the jingo press, "to crush like an egg-shell the Russian fleet, to end for ever the rivalry of the Slav." With no desire to humble her ancient and unscrupulous and truculent foe, Britain yields not a point of honour, but a point of policy, and bids her ironclads restrain the thunder of their guns. Even nations that have not shown her spirit are praising her restraint. "If the newspapers," says The Western Christian Advocate, "had shrieked for war as loudly as the American yellow journals did previous to our war with Spain, the Bear and the Lion would to-day be confronting each other with their claws unsheathed."

"Oh for an hour of Palmerston or Russell," said the jingoes. "The Russian fleet might even now be shattered or sunk." But the world has grown wiser since the profitless Crimean war was waged. Nobler is the stand of Balfour. "We ask nothing but justice," and he makes it easy for Russia to let justice be done. By this triumph of peace, instead of a heritage of hate being bequeathed to two great nations, the memory of goodwill will be cherished by both.

### Christian Diplomacy.

"The agreement," says The Outlook, "by Russia and England to submit to a court of the Hague Convention their differences is one of the great events of modern history. It is more significant than any single election or any one battle on land or at sea. When a permanent international court was proposed, pessimism scoffed at it as impracticable: the nations would never consent. When they did consent, pessimism scoffed at their assent, saying no nation would submit its claims to a court which was without power to enforce its decrees. When some nations did submit their claims, pessimism said, Smaller nations may appeal to the Hague Tribunal, and larger nations may even consent to submit questions of bookkeeping, but no great nation will ever consent to submit a great question, one involving national prestige. What pessimism will have to say now we are really curious to see. For two of the greatest nations in Christendom have agreed to submit their differences to a court provided by the Hague Convention, and the differences are as great as can well arise between nations, and they are differences which involve the prestige of both nations, and the newspaper press of both countries, which not only reflect public opinion, but echo and magnify public prejudices, have inflamed the passions of the people in both countries.

EN ROUTE.

Europe—"Changing your plans?"
Russian Bear—"Not at all, Madame. I always undertook to evacuate Manchuria; and the promises of Russia are sacred?"

—Punch (London).

"The English press have accused the Russian fleet of firing on an unarmed fleet of English fishing-boats, either because the Russian officers were drunk, or because they were in a panic, or because they were stupidly ignorant, or in mere wantonness using the fishing fleet for target practice. And the Russian press have replied with counter charges that Japanese torpedo-boats had been fitted out in

English ports, and had, under the guise or from the midst of a fleet of fishermen, made a first attack on the Russian fleet. More than national prestige, national honour is involved in the issue thus joined.

"This is the issue which these two Great Powers have agreed to debate in court under the Hague Convention. The greatest praise is due to the statesmen of both nations who have sought and found a peaceful way out of what might easily have involved all Europe in war. That they should have done so ought not perhaps to be surprising; but it is. Ten years ago no statesman would have thought of such a solution. The judgment of the Hague Tribunal will be accepted, not only by both the nations involved, but by the civilized world. War would only have settled which fleet is the stronger; the Hague Tribunal will settle what is the truth.

"'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city;' judged by this standard Great Britain and Russia have in all their military history furnished no finer exhibition of true national greatness than in this pacific settlement of what might easily have led to a great and terrible war."

Even amid the blood-red poppies of war spring the lilied blooms of tenderness and ruth. Beneath the rain of shot and shell the brigade of the Red Cross carries pity and succour to both Russ and Jap, and often friendships are formed that will outlast the cruel strifes of war.

The Japanese are reading a much-needed lesson to all the nations of the world in their exhaustive efforts to prevent the greatest bane of war. Eighty per cent. of the losses of an army are caused, not by the deadly bullet, but by the deadlier microbe. Eighty per cent. of the deaths are from preventible disease, and twenty only from wounds in battle. The Japs take no risks. The chief medical officer ranks with a brigadier-general. His subalterns accompany every forward movement, test every water supply, examine the sanitation of every camp, guard against every infection, and examine minutely and often the stores and rations. Of a thousand wounded men in hospital at Tokio not one died. Of thousands at the American and British camps in the Spanish and Boer wars hundreds died of typhus and enteric. The "embalmed beef" and contaminated food

THE REVISED VERSION.

—Chicago News.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

—Boston Herald.

sent hundreds into the hospitals who never neared the firing line. Their more scientific sanitation is an augury of the success of the Japanese over the Russians.

Our cartoon shows with striking vividness how in time of war law abdicates its seat, gives place to the archenemy of mankind, who converts God's eternal canon against human slaughter into an injunction to kill by the thousand. How, like a hideous dream, will the higher civilization of the future, foretold by sage and seer, look back upon the menace and misery of the long ages of rapine and blood!

Surely the time for seeking peace has come. With the fall of Port Arthur, and the checkmate at Shakhe River, the Russians may well give up the cruel conflict. Let the Czar appeal to the tribunal he himself created. The Hague court of peace can surely adjudicate the matters at issue as well now as after another sea of blood has been shed. It would have saved Russia infinite loss of prestige and treasure and lives if the appeal has been made to this court a year ago. All that then could have been demanded was the fulfilment of her pledge to evacuate Manchuria. Now she must surrender Korea, Port Arthur, and the whole Manchurian littoral as well.

### The Pirate Fleet.

Not since the famous Trent affair of forty years ago has the British public been so stirred as by the murderous outrage whereby English fishermen, plying their peaceful calling, were wantonly assailed by the great ironclad fleet of Russia, some of their frail barks sunk, others riddled with shot, and some of the fishermen barbarously slain. The Russian warships have proved their prowess in both Japanese and British waters by sinking unarmed fishing-boats. The Mistress of the Seas demands a prompt apology and reparation for this colossal crime, or colossal blunder, whichever it was.

### The People's Will.

It is a curious coincidence that in so many countries general elections have taken place early in November—on the 1st in Newfoundland, on the 3rd in Canada, on the 6th in Italy, on the 8th in the United States, and a general election in Britain, and possibly in France, where the Government escaped defeat by only four votes, are probably not far distant.

It is the finest outcome of our modern civilization that the government of the people, for the people, by

the people, finds such peaceful and adequate expression. The time was when a change of government could only be secured by revolution and bloodshed. Now, the appeal is to the final arbitrament of the ballot, not the bullet. Softly as the snow-flakes fall the ballots, as the people express their will, and governments come and go as they demand.

Of course with such great issues at stake, such strong convictions as are often held, there is intense interest and often heated discussion and possibly tumult and strife; but the abiding principle of the supremacy of law restrains and mitigates and renders innocuous the keenest political conflict.

It was through long ages of political evolution and education that these rights and liberties were secured—

> "The blood of Vane,
> His prison pain
> Who traced the path the pilgrim trod,
> And hers whose faith
> Drew strength from death,
> And prayed her Russell up to God!"

The menace of the commonweal is that party greed or guile will sometimes seek with filthy lucre to pervert this patriotic duty of the elector to party ends; but the secrecy of the ballot has in large part prevented the worst results of this profanation of a sacred trust. It has been wisely safeguarded to the utmost; even the hiring of a carriage may imperil an election. And yet we have had unhappy experiences of frauds in the polling booth, attacks upon the very fountain of political purity and independence. We need to repeat the prayer of Whittier:

> "Shame from our hearts
> Unworthy arts,
> The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
> And smite away
> The hands we lay
> Profanely on the sacred ark.
>
> "Not lightly fall
> Beyond recall
> The written scrolls a breath can float;
> The crowning fact
> The kingliest act
> Of Freedom is the freeman's vote!"

It is another coincidence that the result of these elections maintains the *status quo ante* of the respective parties. However strongly we may contend during the campaign in Canada, after the elections we are all one people, united to promote the welfare of the land we love.

The only countries in Europe which are exempt from the educative influence of an election campaign, with its free discussion of national interests, and free criticism of the personnel of the Government, are the twin despotisms of Russia and Turkey. There no quizzical voter can heckle the candidate for his suffrage, no Opposition press can goad or gird at the administration, no turbulent hustings can disturb the power that be. The Cossack and the knout, the Janizary and the lance suppress all popular demonstrations. But sitting on the safety-valve is not the best way to run an engine; and these despotisms are slumbering on a volcano, which may explode with fearful disaster, like that of France in 1789, or of well-nigh all Europe in 1848.

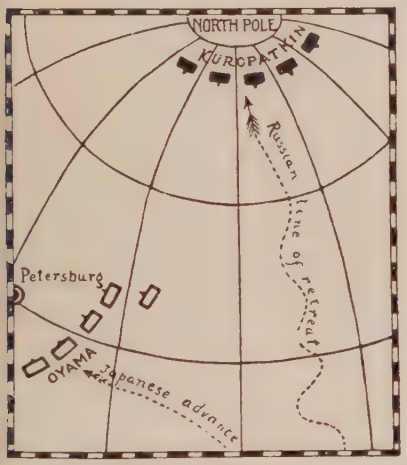
CHRISTMAS IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

Heir of all the Russias (to Heir of Italy): "I say, young Piedmont, if you'll take an older man's advice, keep clear of these nasty jumpy toys. They get on your nerves."
—Punch, London.

Quietly, without salvo of guns or blare of trumpets, a great achievement of science has been inaugurated. The New York Subway, the longest and costliest tunnel in the world, twenty-two miles long, was opened by Bishop Greer, and the first day's earnings were given to charities—an augury of its success. It cost, with power apparatus, nearly fifty million dollars, and was completed, in spite of strikes and lockouts, within the allotted time, without "extras" or graft, and with a minimum profit to the contractors, and will become in

fifty years public property. It will be of incalculable benefit to the busy toilers in that human hive. Another underground city has been created. Stores and offices line some of the most crowded sections of the most crowded sections of the tunnel. One may transact a vast amount of business without coming to the surface, and may reach many of the sky-scraper buildings through their sub-basements.

The same day Chicago announced that a similar subway will be created in that city. Already the many miles of tunnels deliver freight direct from all the railways to the warehouses, and soon the western city will have a system even more complete than that of New York.




SOCIALIST SARCASM.
Strategical and tactical diagram of the "Wahre Jacob" (Stuttgart).

The Boston Herald represents our venerable kinswoman, the State of Massachusetts, as trying to make friends with the strapping young damsel Canada, whose rapid growth makes evident the advantage of commercial good will and reciprocity rather than estrangement and antagonism. The coercion policy has utterly failed. Perhaps the rising sun of a better day may see the restored trade relations, which will be so beneficial to both countries.

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The birth of an heir to the Imperial and royal households of Russia and Italy brings into sharp contrast the outlook of these prospective sovereigns. For the one innocent babe

"Kuropatkin has left Mukden in safety and is moving north."—News Dispatch.
—New York American.

there is but the prospect of "double, double toil and trouble," anarchy, and revolution, and the bugaboo of Japanese conquest gathering round his cradle bed. For the young Prince of Piedmont a fairer horoscope beckons. The despotism of centuries has been overthrown, a united Italy rejoices in his birth. Instead of a temporal sovereignty of the Pope, which maintained the worst government in Europe, a free Church in a free State, a free press, and free parliament are the presage of liberty.

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Though Britain takes no advantage of the tremendous blunder of the Russians in the North Sea, the hysterical fears and demented action of the Russian armada has made it the laughing-stock of the world. If in the home waters it mistakes fishing boats for hostile cruisers and recklessly rakes these peaceful craft, and also German, Danish, and

Japan continues to persuade England that the war cannot be carried on without money.
—Oskolki.

The English press paying court to Japan.
—Novoe Vremya.

Norwegian ships as well, what madcap blunders will it perpetrate before it reaches the Japanese waters where a wily foe lies in wait for its destruction. Overwhelmed with ridicule by its disasters on land, after all its boastful threats, it will become at sea still more the object of ridicule. Even the friendly German press portrays the land forces taking refuge at the North Pole. The Russian press tries to retort by its caricatures of the Japs, pithless and pointless though these may be. Of these we give some examples, reproduced from Public Opinion. These, however, are mild and innocuous compared with some earlier ones in which a gigantic Cossack is shown as trampling in his seven-league boots through Manchuria and Korea to the island empire of Japan, and crushing armies of his "pigmy foes" beneath his feet.

Uncle Sam: "Remember Napoleon and Moscow!"

Japan: "Oh, I shall not make his mistakes."—Oskolki.

### Belgians and British in Africa.

The September number of The Missionary Review has two trenchant articles on Belgian cruelty in the Congo Free State, one by a missionary of nineteen years' standing in that country. Photographs are given of men, women, and children with their hands cut off by soldiers in the employ of the Belgian Government, others with their limbs maimed and shattered. All this, too, in the endeavour to compel the rubber production by the hapless natives. The editor of the Review says: "One has but to contrast the condition of things in Uganda with that on the Congo, to realize the difference between government for the sake of the governed

UNDISMAYED.

and that which is solely for the sake of the pockets of the governing classes. The King of Belgium is despised as selfish, and his government is condemned as barbaric. No amount of improvements in the way of railroads and such signs of material progress can offset oppression of weaker men and women. Let the Governments of Europe and America demand and insist on an investigation, and let them appoint a sufficiently powerful and impartial commission to see that the needed reforms are carried into effect."

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Mr. Bryan defeated in 1900, and side-tracked in 1904, has apparently bated not a jot of heart and hope. Mr. Rogers, in Harper's Weekly, portrays him as laying the keel for Ark No. 3, in which he hopes to survive the flood and reach the goal of his ambition on the summit of far-off Ararat.

# Religious Intelligence.

QUEEN VICTORIA HALL OF THE LEYSIAN MISSION, LONDON.

### Opening of the Leysian Mission.

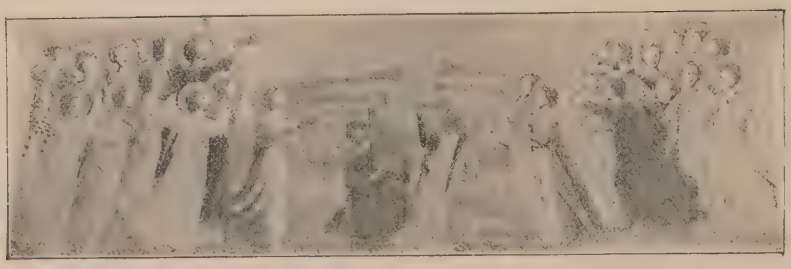
"The most picturesque incident in British Methodism," says a writer in The Christian Advocate, "has been the opening of the Leysian Mission Building in London by the Prince and Princess of Wales. It has cost more than $500,000, and is without question the finest and most complete block of mission premises in the world. It contains a large hall, and two smaller ones, schoolrooms, and a roof garden for open-air services. There are also club rooms, gymnasia, class and guild rooms. The ingenuity and boldness of the project are alike admirable. The building is within five minutes' walk of Wesley's Chapel in the City Road. It is called the Leysian Mission because it has been established and is worked by the former and present scholars of the Leys School at Cambridge."

Some thirty years ago the Wesleyans established at Cambridge a great "public school," according to the English idea of the term, in which boys might receive, under Wesleyan auspices, such training as they received under the Anglican influences of Rugby, Marlborough, Harrow, and Eton.

From the beginning the school has been a success. It has sent more than two hundred boys up to Cambridge University. In its brief history "The Leys School" has won for itself a name, both in the university and the business world, and if its fame is not yet as great as that of Eton and Harrow and Rugby, we must remember that they have been at work for three hundred years, while the Leys School has had but thirty.

For eighteen years the school has supported settlement work among the London masses. Through the generosity of wealthy Leysians and friends of the school, the work has now been housed in a magnificent pile of buildings in City Road. A considerable amount of the cost has already been pledged. The great auditorium was formally opened by the Princess of Wales. The presence of the Prince and Princess at a Methodist function is significant.

Many of the celebrities who graced the platform were of international notability. Lord Strathcona was in



the chair, the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the genial Sir Thomas J. Lipton, the Right Hon. Sir Henry H. Fowler, Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), and other notables.

The presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales on this occasion is said to be no mere official function. The Princess during her early years came to know intimately one Methodist lady, and from her she is said to have imbibed a high regard for Methodism. The kindly feeling extended to the denomination by our late beloved Queen Victoria is well known, and it is fitting that this splendid mission hall should bear her name.

The work of the mission will of course be largely of a religious character. But as some one has pointed it will be the practice rather than the preaching of any form of religion. The workers have taken up their residence among the people and will enter into all their social and educational concerns, striving to uplift them in their daily lives and in their homes. The Prince of Wales, in his opening address, commended the settlement work, and the spirit that prompted young men and women of culture to cast in their lives with the poor and unfortunate and share with them the advantages of the higher life.

On the first Sunday hundreds were turned away; five hundred persons remained to the after-meeting, and there were a number of genuine conversions.

The patronage of royalty is a good thing, but it is a better thing—nay, it is the all-important thing—that Methodism, as she rises in the scale of wealth and social standing should not have forgotten that her mission is to leaven the masses of the people.

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### Peace on Earth.

The horrors of war brought so vividly before us by the word painting of the special correspondents but accentuate the emphasis laid upon the plea for peace, the war against war, that is being waged in most civilized lands. The approach of the holy Christmastide, which recalls the message of the angels of peace on earth, good will to men, but brings into sharper contrast the hell on earth and mutual slaughter and destruction of the Far East. This contrast forms the motive of the cut upon our cover, suggested by a similar one in The Chautauquan during the Spanish War of the United States. What a travesty of the song of the angels is the deep and deadly diapason of the cannonade; the diabolic growl of the machine gun hurling its volleys of wounds and bruises and death at its hapless victims; the anguish of the hospital, or still worse anguish of men lying untended on the field of slaughter!

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!"

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### The Woman's Missionary Society.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Board of Managers of our W. M. S., held this year in Napanee, listened to a most encouraging story. The total amount received from all sources in 1904 (Rest Fund included) was $62,515.98, an increase of $5,045.86 over last year. The Easter thankoffering was the largest in the history of the Society. But the real work of the Society is not told in figures. It is told in the womanhood of our Church, the broadening of the mind, the deepening of the spiritual life.

Seven new candidates for the work received a warm place in the hearts

of the Board. There were also present Miss Veazey and Miss Robertson, of Japan, and Mrs. Snyder, from the Chinese Rescue Home, Victoria. Encouraging things were told from each field. Miss Veazey and Miss Robertson have each given two terms of service in Japan, and are looking forward to a return. It was stated that there is now one baptized Protestant Christian to every five hundred of the population, whereas fourteen years ago the proportion was one to every five thousand. What will another fourteen years mean to Japan?

Among the Galicians in our own North-West, until two missionaries were sent out last summer by the W. M. S., nothing had been done for the children. There was no Sabbath-school nor day-school. A note of sadness ran through this session at the news of the death of Miss Alice Belton. Miss Belton was in her second term of service in Japan. On her furlough a few years ago, she came among us for a little while, and the fragrance of her spirit will linger with us till we meet again. Her heart was in Japan. Her love went with her labour till the Master one day called her to Himself.

An earnest plea was made for a further increase of $30,000 in the givings of the Society for the current year. Good work has been done. But better yet is before. New buildings are required, particularly a new school at Kofu. Let us not allow our missionaries in the field to think that we at home have forgotten their needs. Our responsibility is not one whit less than theirs. The call to service comes to every soul in Christendom, as clearly as to the missionary in the field.

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### Woman's Work in the United States.

The General Executive of the W. F. M. S. met in Kansas City, in October. The Woman's Home Missionary Society met the same month in Denver, Col. The sessions of both seem to have been animated and interesting; the great work being done and to be done in India was ably presented. Much appreciation was expressed of the literature propagated by the W. F. M. S. The lone women away in the mining camps of the west had particularly benefited thereby.

The Home Missionary Society received the welcome of thirty-two frontier charges, with pastors who received salaries of not more than $200. Speaking of the growth of the Deaconess Work in the States in 1888, there were no deaconesses and no deaconess property. In 1904 there are four hundred and fifty deaconesses and $601,258 in Deaconess Homes and Training Schools.

A vigorous protest was made against the presence of Mormonism in the land. It was decided to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society by raising $200,000 for general purposes.

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### Students Giving to Missions.

Students' giving to missions for the academic year 1902-03 show an increase of fifty per cent. in gifts over the preceding year. Of the 1,437 institutions, 294 answered the call, contributing $62,549.97, a little more than half of which was for foreign missions. Fifty-two of these gave $300 or over, several of the colleges and seminaries supporting their own missionary. The Southern Baptist Seminary, Louisville, made a record among seminaries by its $1,450, a sacrifice offering to help send three of its alumni to the foreign field. Knox College, Toronto, gave the maximum amount, $5,540, but only $225 of this was from the students, while Yale's $1,792 came entirely from the student body.

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### What the Church Could Do.

Rev. John Stewart, of Madras, says: "If the churches of Christendom sent forth their missionaries in the same proportion as the Moravian Church, there would be on the field 400,000 instead of 14,000, and if only a quarter of the members and adherents of the Protestant Church gave one half-penny per day, the amount raised would be $25,000,000 instead of $4,000,000." As it is, the Church is at present in touch with less than one two-hundredth part of those for whom Christ died, and 30,000,000 are dying without a knowledge of salvation. The work will certainly never be done unless a very different and higher standard of consecration to God is adopted by the Christian men and women of our land. "The urgent need, the absolute duty, the unspeakable blessedness, and actual possibility of living wholly for God, is the ground on which not only our responsibility, but our appeals for the evangelization of the heathen world must ever rest."—Missionary Review of the World.

### Japan in War Time.

A missionary writes: "The war has been a marvellous revelation of Japan's capacities and character. I believe, too, that if Russia comes to ask for terms she will find her brave antagonist far more generous and large-hearted than many think. What preserves the nation throughout is that it not only loves to create high ideals, but keeps its gaze steadily on them. It is quite a passion with the nation at large to show itself reasonable and considerate of other nations' just claims. The continued successes do not intoxicate, but rather the contrary; they sober the nation with the sense of enlarged responsibilities. Colonel MacPherson was calling here yesterday. He had, at Hiroshima, visited the Russian wounded among the prisoners, and watched them being tended by Japanese nurses. Just think of the wonder of this. When we let the memory run back some sixty years and think what Japan was then, and of all that has happened since, to lead up to the scene of Japanese trained nurses in Red Cross uniform doing all they know for the wounded of the enemy, and that enemy one of the strongest military powers, but checked unexpectedly by Japan in the very midst of its expansion to the seaboard of the Far East."

### The Importance of Manchuria.

"To multitudes of intelligent people," says The Missionary Review, "Manchuria, with its 365,000 square miles, and 18,000,000 inhabitants, is scarcely more than a name. But Senator Beveridge tells us that it is as large as Germany and France together; that England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are not one-third as extensive as Manchuria; that Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, all of New England, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa together are hardly equal to this colossal province. And it is a splendid agricultural land, well wooded and watered, and full also of gold, iron, and coal. It is little wonder that Russia is determined to keep it."

### Fear of a New Boxer Uprising.

The murder of Bishop Verhaegen and two Roman Catholic priests in China has given rise to rumours of further troubles from the anti-foreign rabble in Northern China. Some missionaries are said to have left Pe-chih-li Province, and mission property is reported to have been destroyed. A band of missionaries on furlough in America have received orders to await developments before returning. We understand, however, that the reports of disturbances have been exaggerated, and we do not anticipate serious trouble.

### Methodism in Australia.

The General Conference held in Melbourne during the past summer was the first of the United Church. But so complete already is the fusion of the various Methodist bodies that except for an occasional allusion, no one would know that the Methodism of Australia had once been divided. Mention was made with much gratitude of the example of the union of the Canadian Methodist bodies. Is it not possible that the world may by and by be grateful to young Canada for leading the way in union on a still broader basis?

One hundred and eighty members were present at the Conference. The most noted laymen were Sir Frederick Holder, Speaker of the Federal House of Representatives, and Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, and member of the Judicial Section of the British Privy Council.

It is proposed to raise £10,000 to carry out a Forward Movement for Missions.

Roughly speaking, Australasian Methodism contains 1,000 ministers and home missionaries, 6,000 local preachers, 4,000 churches, 140,000 members, 200,000 Sunday-school scholars, 11 colleges, upwards of 600,000 adherents, and the members have increased 10,000 the last three years.

The Rev. Egerton R. Young, who was so warmly received in Australia, suggested the advantage of sending delegates from Australasia to Canada, and vice versa.

It was easy to note a marked trend toward one evangelical Church for Australia. There were present at the General Conference delegates from various other Churches, including two bishops and an archdeacon of the Church of England. It is believed to be the first time Anglican bishops ever visited a Methodist Conference. Says a writer, Nothing impressed me so much as the following words from Presbyterian lips: "Can I give up Presbyterianism for Methodism? A thousand times, No. Can I give up Presbyterianism for Christ? A thousand times, Yes."

### The Largest Woman's College in the World.

The largest woman's college in the world is the Royal Holloway College in Great Britain, opened eighteen years ago by our late beloved Queen Victoria. It was founded by Thomas Holloway. But it was Mrs. Holloway who was the inspiration of her husband's gift. The college buildings and equipment cost about four million dollars, and the grounds comprise ninety-six acres, in the county of Surrey. The scientific laboratories and their equipments are the equal of the best in England. The library is a notable one, a special feature being a representative collection of French and German books, no great author of either nation being unrepresented. The picture-gallery is also widely known.

The college is strictly nonsectarian, but the atmosphere is that of a Christian household, every effort being made to impress the girls with their responsibility as Christians. The health of the students is carefully looked to, and much attention given to out-door recreation. To stimulate an intelligent interest in nature, there are even garden plots set apart for the girls to cultivate as they please.

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### New Aborigines.

"There is nothing new under the sun," runs the old adage. Yet here is a people of whose very existence the civilized world has been utterly noncognizant till now. A couple of Australian explorers in the Gulf of Carpentaria found recently, on Mornington Island, a people who had never before seen a white man. They appear to be a race of aborigines who have been separated from the mainland natives for unnumbered generations. They are believed to be a more primitive type than the Australian aboriginal. They do not build huts, like the natives on the mainland, but simply collect heaps of grass, and sleep on the bare ground on the leeward side. From all accounts they seem to have received the white man well. They were amazed to see him light a fire with matches, and boil water in a kettle. They were delighted with some penny whistles distributed among them, and made the bush echo with their pleasure. They have, nevertheless, certain stringent laws concerning marriage. Only members of the tribe belonging to the same class are allowed to marry. They are careful to prevent too close intermarriage. The Islanders are small in stature, but strong and healthy. They have no personal property, but hold all things in common.

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### Recreation Centres.

One rejoices in the growth of a more positive kind of religion. Christian workers are realizing more and more the need of counteracting temptations with positive good. In the Borough of Manhattan, recreation centres were provided in 1899 with the idea of furnishing entertainment for those young folk who heretofore had no place of amusement but the streets, and thus indirectly affording them opportunities for instruction. Older people came and were finally admitted till the age limit is now fifty years. These centres are open from 7.30 until 10 o'clock in the evening. No restriction is placed on those attending except that they avoid disorderly conduct. The yards of the buildings are divided into two sections, in one of which is a thoroughly equipped gymnasium, in the other part provision for quiet games and reading. About one hundred books are provided each month, and of late literary clubs have been organized. Industrial training has also been introduced. These Recreation Centres are made social centres as far as possible.

In addition to these playgrounds have been provided in the crowded quarters for the boys and girls who are in danger of growing up roughs and toughs. As a result not a pane of glass is broken where scarce one was left whole, and even one policeman is superfluous where half a dozen were necessary. Good citizens are being developed instead of ruffians or tramps.

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The Wesleyan missions in the Transvaal and Swaziland district, South Africa, says The Missionary Review, reports a wonderful growth during the past year: an increase of 3,228 full members and 2,662 on trial, making the number 12,546 full members, and 6,187 on trial. Nearly every circuit reports fresh openings for successful work, and there are urgent demands for more missionaries and more means to support native workers.

The Missionary Herald reports that "an Armenian named Arslan Sahagian died recently in Yonkers, N.Y., and left his entire wealth, amounting to about $80,000, to the American Board. He was one of the first graduates of Bebek School at Constantinople, which institution was the precursor of Robert College. He was for many years a successful furniture dealer in Yonkers. Thus one of the pupils of the illustrious Cyrus Hamlin becomes a grateful and generous donor to the treasury of the Board. So far as is known, Mr. Sahagian is the first Armenian to bequeath such a large sum to this society."

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

Mr. Asquith (to Wee Kirk Minister): "That's much too heavy for you to carry, my friend. Hadn't you better drop it?"

Wee Kirk Minister: "Ou ay! It's an awfu' weight, but I canna drop it, man; it's Predestination."

Mr. Asquith: "That's all very well, but remember there's a House of Commons as well as a House of Lords." —The Westminster Gazette.

The peculiar malignity of the German press, or a large portion of it, toward missions is explainable, remarks Le Missionnaire, by the fact that it so largely in the hands of unbelieving Jews. Goldwin Smith remarks that the press of America is coming more and more largely into Jewish hands. If so, we may expect that here also the same unfriendliness toward Christian missions will soon appear in American newspapers.

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The Presbyterian Church in India, says The Missionary Review, is the title proposed for the native Church which will be established next December in Allahabad. The Presbyterian Alliance embraces ten Presbyterian bodies, carrying on missions in India, from England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada, and the United States. The large results of this mission work in native churches and ministers, are now to become a separate and native Church of Christ. They speak eight languages. A confession of faith, a constitution, and canons have been prepared, translated into all the languages, and to be adopted, or amended and adopted, in the formation of a General Assembly.

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The death of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop at her home in England, says The Christian World, will cause mourning in the Far East as well as in the Occident. She had travelled as widely as any woman of her time, and had informed the public much about the world at large by her many books of travel, and by her formal addresses before scientific societies. Many honours from learned societies had fallen to her, and in recent years she had won the gratitude of friends of Christian missions by her unqualified support of the foreign mission cause and by her defence of missionaries. Earlier in her life she thought otherwise, but, like Darwin and R. L. Stevenson, she was converted by facts.

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Missionary advocacy, says The Methodist Times, too often has to come from the missionaries themselves; when an independent and skilled traveller, with the power of coming into close contact with the populations of the countries she visits, adds her testimony, it is of double value. Many will remember the powerful speech she made at the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Exeter Hall two or three years ago, and there are few who heard it but will be very sorry that they will never hear her again.

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The struggle between the Wee Church and the United Frees shows no signs of peaceful settlement. The Highland remnant demand their pound of flesh, and will accept no compromise and show no drachm of mercy. What the four-and-twenty Gaelic ministers will do with the hundreds of manses and churches and missions is a difficult problem. The House of Commons and the common-sense of the nation will surely find some way out of the present *impasse*.

# Science Notes.

### Things that Science Cannot Explain.

When the number and violence of magnetic storms are recorded and compared, it is found that they correspond to the spots on the sun, and go through the same period of eleven years. The conclusion seems almost inevitable ; magnetic storms are due to some emanation sent out by the sun, which arises from the same cause that produces the spots. This emanation does not go on incessantly, but only in an occasional way, as storms follow each other on the earth. What is it ? Every attempt to detect it has been in vain. Professor Hale, at the Yerkes Observatory, has had in operation from time to time, for several years, his ingenious spectroheliograph, which photographs the sun by a single ray of the spectrum. This instrument shows that violent actions are going on in the sun, which ordinary observation would never lead us to suspect. But it has failed to show with certainty any peculiar emanation at the time of a magnetic storm or anything connected with such a storm.

A mystery which seems yet more impenetrable is associated with the so-called new stars which blaze forth from time to time. These offer to our sight the most astounding phenomena ever presented to the physical philosopher. One hundred years ago such objects offered no mystery. There was no reason to suppose that the Creator of the universe had ceased His functions ; and, continuing them, it was perfectly natural that He should be making continual additions to the universe of stars. But the idea that these objects are really new creations, made out of nothing, is contrary to all our modern ideas, and not in accord with the observed facts. Granting the possibility of a really new star—if such an object were created, it would be destined to take its place among the other stars as a permanent member of the universe. Instead of this, such objects invariably fade away, after a few months, and are changed into something very like an ordinary nebula.

A question of transcendent interest is that of the cause of these outbursts. It cannot be said that science has, up to the present time, been able to offer any suggestion not open to question. —Professor Simon Newcombe, in Harper's Magazine for November.

### Put to Every-Day Use.

The miracle of wireless telegraphy is settling down to every-day work in the world. A passenger on a steamer, still two hundred miles out at sea, engaged a room in a New York hotel recently, by wireless despatch, also a cab to met him at the pier. The despatch consisted of about sixteen words, and cost $4.50.

The largest station for wireless telegraphy yet erected has just been completed at Pisa. From there it is designed to establish wireless telegraph communication with Great Britain, Holland, the United States, Canada, and also with vessels in the Mediterranean, the Baltic Sea, the Red Sea, and the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

In Newfoundland and Labrador the "wireless" is used to convey to the fishermen intelligence of the arrival of the schools of fish along the coast.

### Eighty Thousand Dollars for Domestic Science Department.

We are indebted as a country to Mrs. Massey-Treble for the zealous and never-failing interest she has taken in the development of the study of Household Science and Art in connection with Toronto and Victoria Universities. Her recent gift of $80,000 to the University for the erection of a handsome new building for this purpose marks a new era in the history of the work. The site chosen for the building is at the corner of Hoskin Avenue and Queen's Park, adjoining Wycliffe College. Building operations will probably not commence until spring, owing to the present high cost of building and unfavourable conditions of the labour market.

The splendid equipment of the Lillian Massey School of Household Science and Art, as it now is in Fred Victor Mission, will be moved to the new building. The school will be in complete affiliation with Toronto University. The scope of the curriculum will be the same as that of the present Lillian Massey School.

# Book Notices.

"Imperator et Rex. William II. of Germany." By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 282. Price, $2.25.

In the German Art Section at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was a magnificent portrait of the German Emperor, William II.—a majestic figure like a Norse god standing by a stately ermine-covered throne, one of the most grandiose imperial figures conceivable. Such is the portrait painted of Kaiser Wilhelm in this book. The anonymous author has had unrivalled knowledge of European court life, and has extraordinary skill in depicting its pomp and pageantry and strong personal sympathies in character drawing. She traces her hero's career from ingenuous boyhood to his domination of Europe as the foremost Continental sovereign.

To British readers the life story of this remarkable man is of special interest. The grandson of Queen Victoria, the nephew of King Edward VII., and cousin of the present Empress of Russia, he is allied with the chief reigning houses of Europe. At the University of Bonn he was a hard-working student, and laid the foundation of that wide superstructure of knowledge which he has built thereon.

The story of his courtship and of his marriage at the age of twenty-three, is of romantic interest, and furnishes a congenial theme for the author's graphic pen. In contrast with this love marriage was that of Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, which soon followed, to be succeeded by such a tragic doom. The conjugal relations of the young Kaiser have been of the happiest kind. A kind and loving husband and father, he is an ideal man. Nevertheless his early married life was clouded by party strife. During the long illness of his father court factions struggled for the mastery, Bismarck against the Crown Prince Frederick and his English allies. The bitterness of the strife between the Prussian doctors and Sir Morell Mackenzie, struggling for the possession of the dying Crown Prince, it is almost impossible to conceive.

The Iron Chancellor was the life-long enemy of the Empress Augusta, whose womanly sympathies delayed the bombardment of Paris, and made her the object of the savage animosity of Bismarck. The liberal affiliations of the Crown Prince Frederick and his favour for constitutional and parliamentary methods were the pet aversion of the stern Chancellor, who ferociously endeavoured to prevent his succession to the Crown. Sir Morell Mackenzie, on whom our author heaps much satire, declared there was no cancer of the throat such as would prevent his accession. Under his treatment the Prince Frederick was able, in 1887, to attend the Queen's Jubilee as the most heroic figure in that stately pageant. For months the battle with fate continued at San Remo, and on the old Emperor's death, in his ninety-second year, the dying man was brought to Berlin to hold for three months the mocking insignia of the crown and sceptre. The young Prince William was sore bestead. Bismarck was his father's enemy, and the Prince was bitterly calumniated as an unfilial son.

> In this fight was Death the gainer,
> Spite of vassal and retainer;

and the sceptre soon fell from the nerveless grasp of Frederick to the stronger hand of his masterful son.

"A hurricane of denunciation," says our author, "greeted the young Emperor's action in the surrounding with troops the palace where the body of his father had not had time as yet to grow cold." This was done, it is explained, to prevent the smuggling to England and publishing of a very circumstantial diary which Frederick had kept for thirty years, which was studded with state and family secrets. The Iron Chancellor won for the time, but soon felt the grip of the masterful man whom he had helped to place in the saddle.

The young Emperor issued his manifesto: "I have vowed to Almighty God that, after the example of my forefathers, I will be a just and clement Prince to my people, that I will foster piety and the fear of God, and that I will protect the peace, promote the welfare of the country, be a helper to the poor and distressed, and a true guardian of the right."

He had no doubt of his right divine to rule as God's anointed, supreme over chancellor, ministers or

parliament. His strong will soon came into conflict with that of the old Chancellor, who blurted out his oft-repeated threat to resign office. In two hours came an aide-de-camp to receive the resignation. Bismarck tried to hark back, but could obtain no audience with his sovereign, and the aide-de-camp remained till the fallen Prince signed his own dismissal. Thus was dropped the pilot who had guided the ship of state through the period of storm and stress into the safe harbour of peace.

For three years the cynical old Chancellor sulked in his den, spurning his monarch's messages of grace and the title of honour which was offered him. In his serious illness the Emperor graciously invited him to a state function at Berlin, and subject and sovereign were reconciled.

The extraordinary vigour and versatility of the Emperor are well described. No monarch in Europe, save King Edward, knows the Continent so well by personal travel, and his pilgrimage to Palestine was a truly imperial pageant. He is of good Protestant lineage, as shown by a document which traces his ancestry to Gaspar de Coligny and William the Silent. Another genealogical tree traces it back through his English ancestor to David, King of Israel!

No other sovereign is so many sided. The author thus sums up his many accomplishments: "He is a splendid soldier, an equally good sailor, a successful sportsman, a musician of no mean talent, an excellent painter and draughtsman, a first-class writer and poet, too—'*a ses heures*'—an engineer, and architect of considerable ability, besides being a scholar of repute and a thorough statesman, without mentioning the fact that he speaks nine or ten languages fluently, and is one of the most eloquent orators of modern times"—an all-accomplished man!

His domestic life is one of ideal happiness. The Empress shares his counsels, rising at six in the morning to partake an early breakfast alone with her liege lord. His six boys are manly fellows, trained, like their father, in almost Spartan austerity. The spoiled child of the family is the little baby princess, who sways the household with a fairy spell. On Christmas Day the Emperor is his very bestest best. Every member of the household, no matter how lowly, is remembered with appropriate gifts —from "papachen" and "mamachen" to little "prinzesschen," and the humblest servant.

Instead of being the war lord of Europe, our author claims that he has been the guardian of peace, of which the strong army and great navy he has created are a guarantee. He has taken the wind out of the sails of the Socialists by the provision for old age and injury of workingmen, and their widows or orphans, and other economic reforms.

This may all be true, but we Britishers prefer the parliamentary methods and constitutional safeguards of liberty which we enjoy under the British institutions. This is a book of such importance that it will be made the subject of a special article in this Magazine.

"By Nile and Euphrates. A Record of Discovery and Adventure." By H. Valentine Geere. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 355. Price, $2.50.

The spade is the best commentator. It has brought to life many confirmations of Holy Writ, and refuted many arguments of scepticism founded on only partial knowledge. It is greatly to the credit of American enterprise that the University of Pennsylvania has been for years conducting the most important explorations on the Euphrates, where the British explorers, Layard and Rawlinson, first laid bare to modern eyes the long buried past of Nineveh and Babylon. The splendid museum at Pennsylvania already rivals in its exhibits those of the British Museum of London. It is a compliment to British enterprise and energy that the chief work described in this book has been conducted by those British explorers, Dr. Flinders Petrie and the author of this book. It is cause for patriotic pride, too, that a clever young Canadian, Mr. Currelley, a graduate of Victoria University, has accomplished very important work under the direction of Mr. Petrie, both in Cyprus and Egypt, and has enriched our college museum with many valuable finds.

There is a romance and fascination about this work, which as one reads this well-written book captures one's imagination. The sharp contrast of the squalid Coptic or Arab present and the splendours of the ancient Egyptian or Babylonian past is very striking. The blight of

Islamism is over the home of the most ancient civilization of the world. The bulk of the book is devoted to the recent explorations at Nippur, midway between the Euphrates and the Tigris on one of the principal canals of Babylonia, which Hilprecht has identified with the River Chebar of Ezekiel's vision. Ample details, with maps, sections, and photos, are given of these explorations and their modern surroundings.

This serious work is not without its dash of humour in the eccentricities, to put it mildly, of the native assistants, and the difficulties imposed by the ignorance and superstition of the local authorities. The author is a sturdy patriot and covets for his country the honour of doing on the Tigris and Euphrates work and exploration work like that which it has done upon the Nile. He shows Great Britain, instead of being a selfish land-grabber and money-grabber, to have been self-sacrificing in the East to an extraordinary degree. It has policed the Persian Gulf for a century, and suppressed slavery and piracy on its waters and its shores, and has gained nothing except the satisfaction of knowing that it has done so well. "All we ask is," he says, "that other nations should honourably regard the existing condition of things and refrain from seeking a foothold in this region as we ourselves have refrained."

He refers to the undeniable fact that Russia is intriguing against Britain in Persia with a never-relaxing watchfulness, and an unscrupulous use of means which the British would never dream of employing. The lack of a strong policy in the Persian Gulf is like, he says, to cost us dear. Since this was written the intrigues of Russia in Thibet, in China, in Persia, are, we judge, being pretty well neutralized.

"Success Among Nations." By Emil Reich, Doctor Juris. Author of "Graeco-Roman Institutions," etc. etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. 8vo. Pp. xiii-270. Price, $1.50.

This is the first philosophical attempt that we know to cast the horoscope of nations from their historic evolution. It presents a psychological study of history by giving a bird's-eye view of the forces which have raised some nations to the glorious success, while their absence has prevented others from holding their own in the battle for existence. This mode of interpretation has been partially used as to the past in Guizot's "History of Civilization," in Kingsley's "The Roman and the Teuton," and in Bryce's "The Holy Roman Empire," but the scientific forecast of the future has not been hitherto attempted. The author is an Hungarian, who has lived in different countries of Europe and the United States, and is unusually well-equipped for his comparative studies. The British Empire, he says, is entirely unique in its character, unlike any of the great empires of antiquity, and depending upon her sea power for her success. Her civilization will always be great, but lacking an all-round perfection. France, he thinks, will always be the leading nation in Europe on account of her wealth, her intellectuality, and her numerous reverses, which have sobered and steeled her. Russia has neither wealth, material nor intellectual, to make her a world power, and is, moreover, cankered by the superstitions of the Greek Church. The chief perils of Germany are socialism and the antagonistic forces of Austria, Italy, and France; but she will realize much of a higher type of civilization. America stands for opportunity. It will be in the economic centre of the globe, but will not achieve the highest intellectual success, which rests on the intense personality to which absolute democracy is hostile. Religious success depends upon personalities of its founders, as Moses, Jesus, Mohammed. Without by any means accepting all its conclusions, this is very stimulating and thought-provoking book.

"A Century of Drink Reform in the United States." By August F. Fehlandt. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 410. Price, $1.50.

It is only when we come to take stock of a century's progress of any great moral reform that we learn how great that progress is. While the drink problem is greater and more difficult than ever before, yet the conscience of the nations has been roused as never before. Armies have been marshalled and the battle set in array, the final issue of which no lover of his kind or believer in God can doubt.

This important book discusses the great question under the four heads of Agitation, Complication, Education, and Adjudication. Under the first it

traces the awakening to the evils of intemperance a hundred years ago under the first effective work of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Then came Dr. Lyman Beecher's arraignment of the drink traffic, the organization of the various temperance societies—the Washingtonians, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, and the rest—and the work of Gough, Father Matthew, Neal Dow, and others in America.

The greatest menace to temperance was the Internal Revenue Act of 1862 whereby the nation became partner in the drink traffic. Its wealth was organized for greater efficiency, the employment of larger capital. The public conscience was deadened by the bribery of money.

Since the war the great process of education has gone on, the conscience of the country has been aroused, the W. C. T. U. entered on its world-wide crusade, the Catholic and Protestant Churches have taken high ground, prohibition and local option have been extended, the dispensary system and other nostrums have been tried and found wanting.

As to the outlook, consistent non-partisanship is considered the key to success. The forming of a temperance constituency and making temperance an issue in politics are considered important steps in this great movement. The book is full of wise suggestion and encouragement.

"The Cycle of Life, According to Modern Science." Being a Series of Essays Designed to Bring Science Home to Men's Business and Bosoms. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. v-343. Price, $2.00 net.

The author of this book is an English scientist, and a frequent and able contributor to The London Academy. His essays deal with the greater problems of the universe, the constitution of matter, the laws of gravity and ether, the ultimate fate of the solar system, and similar topics. He discusses also more familiar subjects, as cricket, swimming, how we hear, the function of science, the future of art, hypnotism, telepathy, ambidexterity, Listerism, etc. All these subjects he approaches from the strictly scientific point of view; but he writes with a rare vivacity, "changing," says a reviewer, "from epigram to persiflage with a suddenness that keeps the reader constantly on the alert."

Writing on Great Britain's need, he says: "Heretofore we have lived on our vast material resources, henceforth we must live by our brains. We must, therefore, give special attention to the study of science, in which, he says, we are two generations behind the Germans," and he cites cogent proof of the assertion.

Speaking of the ultimate constitution of matter, he quotes Lord Kelvin as having demonstrated that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, its atoms would be between the size of small shot and of cricket balls; yet its atoms or ions are relatively as far from one another as the planets and the solar system. He utterly dissents from Wallace's theory that the earth alone is inhabitated, which he thinks is a doctrine of despair. The constitution of the ordered beauty of the universe, "which the fool in his folly is pleased to call 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms,' is the living garment of God." In the verdict of science upon alcohol, he arraigns it as a nerve poison. "Alcohol," he says, "has been found guilty, the judges are physiology, pathology, pharmacology clinical medicine, psychiatry, and criminology." While scientific in spirit the book is popular in style, is exceedingly suggestive and stimulating in its clear, strong thinking and utterance, and is illustrated with numerous diagrams, portraits, etc.

"Old Gorgon Graham. More Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." By George Horace Lorimer. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-308. Price, $1.25.

It would seem impossible to repeat the success of the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," but this Mr. Lorimer has done in this book. Old Gorgon Graham is the same shrewd, keen, cynical humourist as ever. He points his morals with many a tale, and condenses the wisdom of the mart into proverb-like phrases. In the course of the book the son marries and receives a lot of shrewd advice. On the honeymoon the business-like father seeks to turn his thoughts from love to lard, and he rounds his honeymoon into a harvest moon by sending in large orders to the stockyards. Some of the crumbs of wisdom are worth picking up. A slippery old deacon did not like the elder's direct way of preaching, "wanted him to soak the Amalekites in his sermons, and to leave the grocery business alone." "It's my

experience that consistency is simply a steel hoop about a small mind; it keeps it from expanding." "Before being used warm words should be run into the cooling room till the animal heat is out of them." "Fashionable happiness always costs just a little more than you are making." "There is only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, that is inside your income." "It is better to shut up and seem dull than to open up and prove yourself a fool." As to exercise, "Remember a man always rides to his grave, he never walks there." "What this generation really needs is a little less pie and a little more piety." "Criminal carelessness is a bad thing, but the carelessness that makes criminals is worse."

"Balance, the Fundamental Verity." By Orlando J. Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25 net.

A remarkable book. Its theme, "The fundamental harmony between science and religion," old as it is, is dealt with in such unique, clear, forceful, Fiske-like freshness as to make easy and intensely interesting reading. The book is prophetic, excellent type of that new apologetic of which Drummond was a pioneer. Nor could anything be more seasonable at this time of the recrudescence of materialism, under Haeckel and the clever "Clarion" editor, Blatchford. Standing on Newton's axiom that "to every action there is an equal reaction," the author proceeds to show that balance—"that principle or order . . . through which comes universal adjustment"—is supreme in "things mean and minute, as well as in the noble and great," in the moral as in the physical world. Here, indeed, and here alone is scientific basis for religion, and religious explanation of science; the one "fundamental verity," and interpretation of all that is. The whole book is a splendid vindication of Browning's—

> "God's in His heaven
> All's right with the world."

And though our author puts not into his concept of God what the poet did, his cheery optimism, scientific precision, and transparent sincerity have brought forth a bracing, thought-provoking book, which every Christian minister, especially, will do well to read.

"The Castle Comedy." By Thompson Buchanan. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 236. Price, $2.00 net.

The signs of Christmas appear in the dainty holiday issues of the press. One of the most beautiful of these is "The Castle Comedy," by Thomas Buchanan. It is bound in delicate lavender, with gilt top and full-page illustrations in colour by Elizabeth Shippen Green, and quaint decorative effects by the same artist along the margin of each page. The story is a dainty romance of the days of Napoleon. Its scenes are laid in England, which was continually on the *qui vive* under the menace of invasion by the archdespot of Europe. A French scion of an English house is reduced to the necessity of earning his living by giving instructions in the niceties of French deportment. His experiences in the noble family, whose wilful heiress becomes his pupil, are amusingly interwoven with more stirring adventures with sword and rapier. A testy father, a gallant captain in the English service, and two of Wellington's spies, give vivacity and humour to the tale. It will be one of the favourite holiday books. The dainty decorations on every page are a delight to the eye.

"The Lady of the Lake." By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Topography of the Poem by the Late Sir George B. Airy, K.C.B. London: Adam & Chas. Black. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

Bookmaking nowadays has become a fine art. This is the handsomest edition of this classic poem that we have seen. The dainty heather bloom on the cover, the numerous half-tones and the exquisite coloured prints have not, we think, been surpassed. The colour printing especially reveals the delicacy of the birken shaws, the ferns, and brackens, the sombre majesty of Ben Venue, the gloom and glory of loch and strath, of mountain and muir, as we have never seen it so depicted before. The glints of light upon the heathy slopes struggling with the swirling mists takes us to the heart of Scott's country. Holyrood, Stirling, Doune, and Bothwell Castles, Cambuskenneth and Dunfermline Abbeys, Lochs Katrine and Achray and Vennachar are brought vividly before us in picture and poem. An excellent map and minute topog-

raphy of the scenes described, with illuminating notes by Andrew Lang, make this an ideal edition of the great master's greatest poem—a book for the holidays and all the days.

"The Book and the Land." By Rev. R. W. Van Schoick, D.D. Author of "Sunrise, Midday, Sunset." New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 253. Price, $1.00.

This is one of the echoes of the Sunday-school pilgrimage of last summer, when fifteen hundred persons from a score of different countries visited the Lord's Land, as well as Syria, Turkey, and Egypt. The writer thoroughly enjoyed this unique excursion, and makes his readers share his pleasure. The personal element in references to his fellow-voyagers makes us feel one of the company. He pays high tribute to our own Dr. Potts, chairman of the Sunday-school Lesson Committee, as one of the foremost representative men in the entire party. The book is sumptuously printed and beautifully illustrated; would make a charming Christmas gift. The influence of that excursion, not merely upon those who shared it, but upon the Orient and on world-wide Christendom, will not soon pass away.

"Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallac." With 100 drawings. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," etc., etc. Toronto: Morang & Co. Small quarto. Price, $1.25 net.

This story appeals to us more than any other that Mr. Thompson Seton has written. There is a vividness of perception, a sympathy with animal life, a sharing of the feelings of the grand old ursine hero, with his stormy experiences and his gallant struggle when at last brought to bay that stirs one's very soul. Monarch as a cub was brought up by hand by a western hunter, who by a strange fate became the means of his capture when a full-grown monarch of the mountains. The pictures, and there are a hundred of them, are in the artist's best vein. We are proud to remember that the author began his nature studies in the Don Valley, near Toronto, and his first picture was exhibited in our local art gallery. Now the wide world is his constituency.

## CHRISTMAS.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

Lowly service wrote on earth
Hath in heaven second birth.
For, saith He,
"Passing touch of kindness done,
To some needy little one
Is to me."

Love that gives a life away
Hath not Christmas for a day,
But a year.
The right Merry Christmas bliss
Must be found alone in this
Others' cheer.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,—
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—*Tennyson.*

# OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1905.

Most of the subscriptions to this Magazine terminate with the present volume. We hope our patrons will promptly renew for themselves, and seek to send also the subscription of some neighbour or friend. If we can secure a further circulation of one thousand we will surprise our friends with the improvement in this periodical. We hope the preachers, who are our special agents, and all our friends will make an earnest effort to give us that increase. Please mention it, and The Guardian, from the pulpit and at your week-night service. Now is the best time to push the canvass. The November and December numbers, containing the beginning of its strongly written serial, will be given free to new subscribers.

The Magazine will receive a new form and more up-to-date character with the January number. The two volumes for 1905 will be of special importance. Great prominence will be given to Canada, its resources, and its outlook, with copious illustration; to missions, especially those of our own Church; to the social betterment of the people; to the welfare of the Empire throughout the world; with serial and short stories of great interest; and to current topics and events and religious and scientific progress, with numerous cartoons—over four hundred engravings will be presented.

Any subscriber to The Magazine, who will send us, with his renewal, a new subscription, either at the full $2.00 rate or in connection with The Guardian or Wesleyan at the club rate, $1.75, will receive, postpaid, a free copy of either of the following interesting stories by Dr. Withrow: "Barbara Heck," "Valeria," "Neville Trueman." Any two for two new subscribers, all three for three new subscribers.

## Publisher's Announcement.

The December number of The Methodist Magazine and Review completes the thirtieth year of publication, and completes also the period to which most of our subscribers have given their orders. It is hoped that every name now on our lists will continue with us for another year.

Owing to the cost of publication, we cannot well afford to send after the period they were ordered for without some intimation that a continuation is desired. We ask every subscriber, therefore, whose subscription expires with this number, to intimate by postal card, letter, or otherwise, that they desire the Magazine sent on, even if it is not convenient to remit the subscription at the time.

A duty which is incumbent on every head of a family is the supplying of wholesome reading matter to the members. It is quite certain that in these days of general reading, if good material is not supplied, that which is not good will find an inlet. The mind must be fed as well as the body. The reading matter should be selected as carefully as the food.

The Methodist Magazine and Review is published to supply pure and healthy reading matter to our homes, and to encourage native talent, and a love for elevating literature. For thirty years it has faithfully carried out these purposes. Each number has been bright, elevating, and instructive.

Our programme for 1905 is the best we have ever issued. Attention is directed to the illustrated prospectus to be found on other pages of this issue.

Kindly intimate your desire to have the Magazine continued.

Toronto: William Briggs, Publisher.

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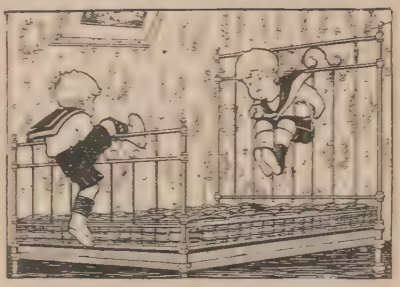

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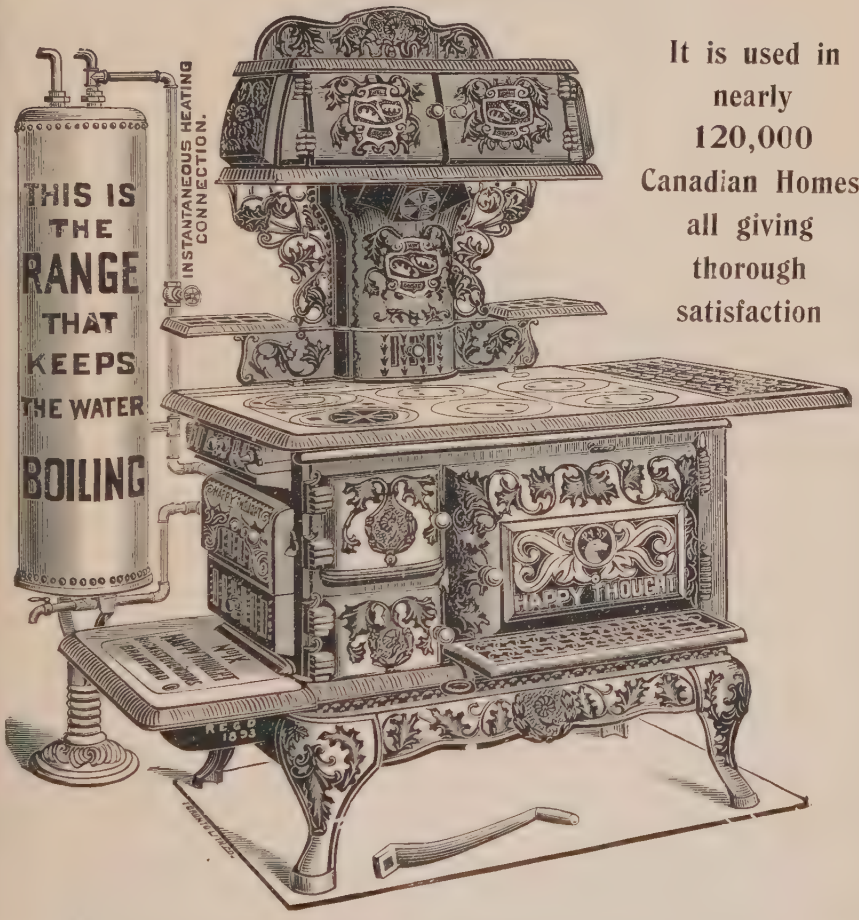


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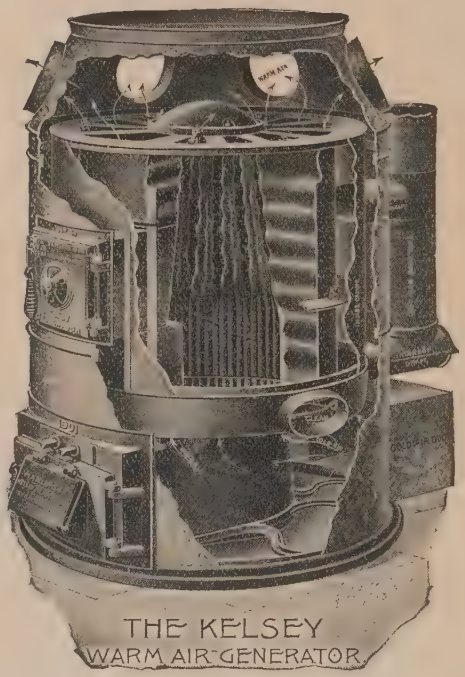

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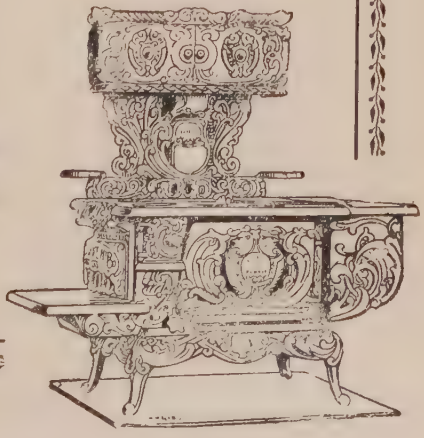

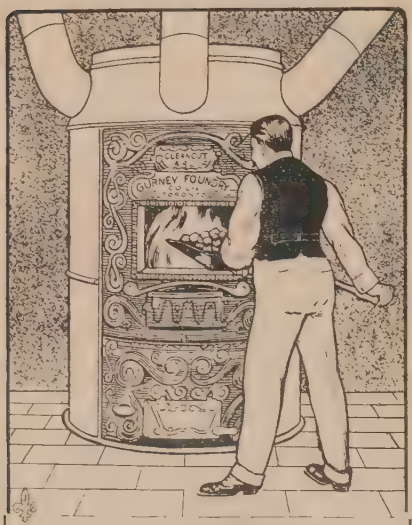


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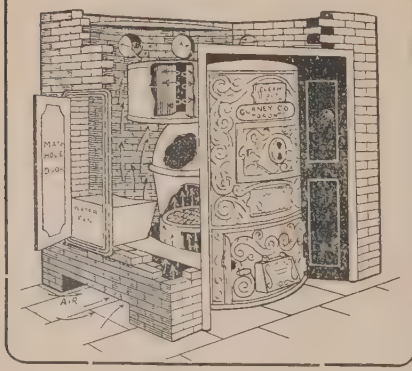


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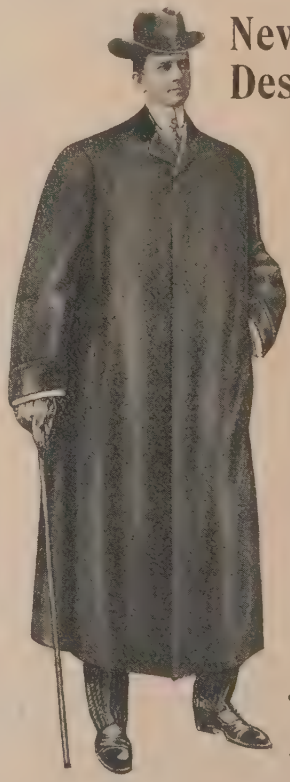

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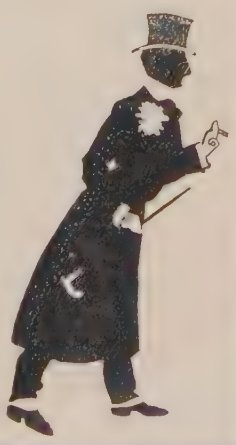

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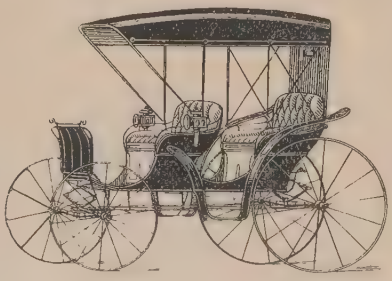

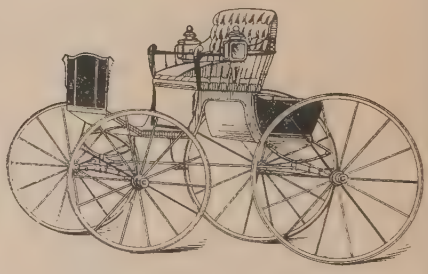

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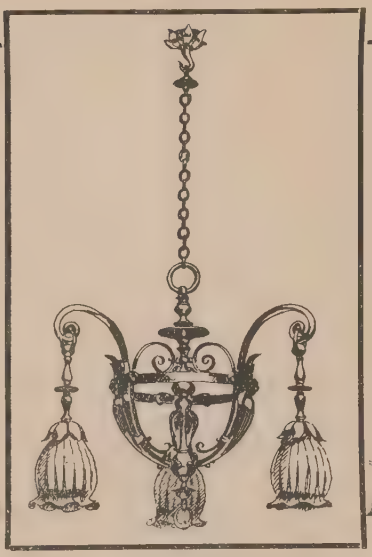

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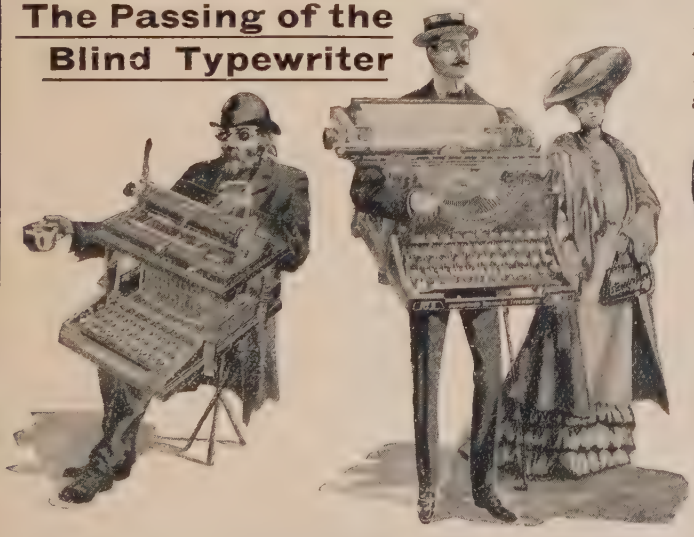

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